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MAYFAIR

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

Vol. 17 No. 10 85p

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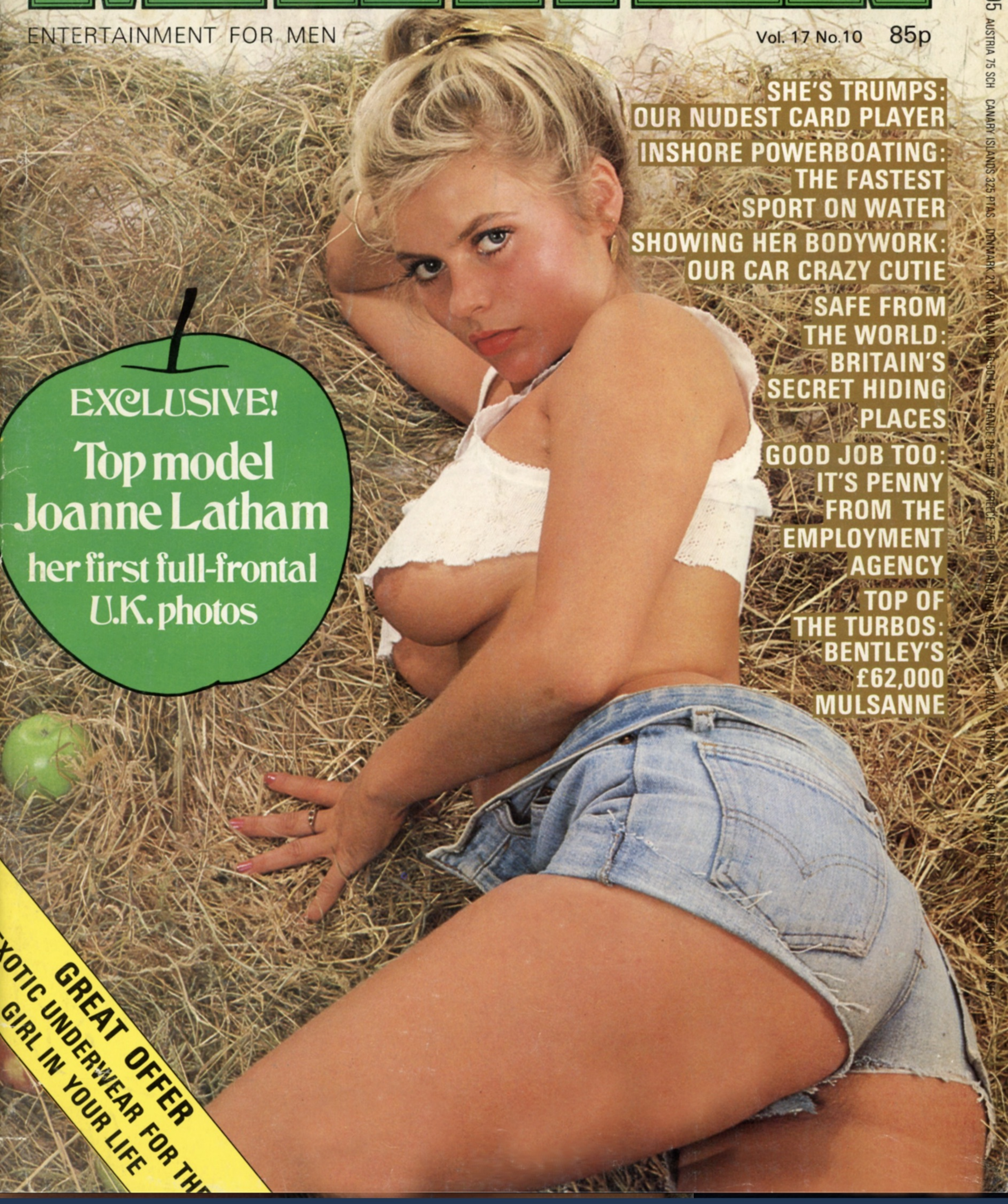

SHE'S TRUMPS: OUR NUDEST CARD PLAYER

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Mayfair, vol.17, no.10 (Oct 1982)

Cover:

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EXCLUSIVE
Top model Joanne Latham

Cover model: Joanne Latham | thread

Post(s): | Poster:

Model(s):

- Bridget Tremayne as Sarah Brown
    1. post [partial]
    2. post [partial]
- Brigitte Mercier
    1. post
- Claire Russell as Mary Carling
    1. post [partial]
- Jewel Shephard as Penelope Crawford | thread
- Joanne Latham, GotM | thread
    1. post [mixed, partial]
    2. post [lower portion, partial]
    3. post [mixed, partial]
    4. post
- Lisa Griffiths
- Michelle Bauer as Michelle (Micky) Montgomery
    1. post [partial]

Cover: Model, Joanne Latham; photographed by Donald Milne

MAYFAIR
INCORPORATING King
Telephone number: 01-242 1593
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ
Vol. 17 No. 10
ABC net paid circulation 351,464

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Lisa

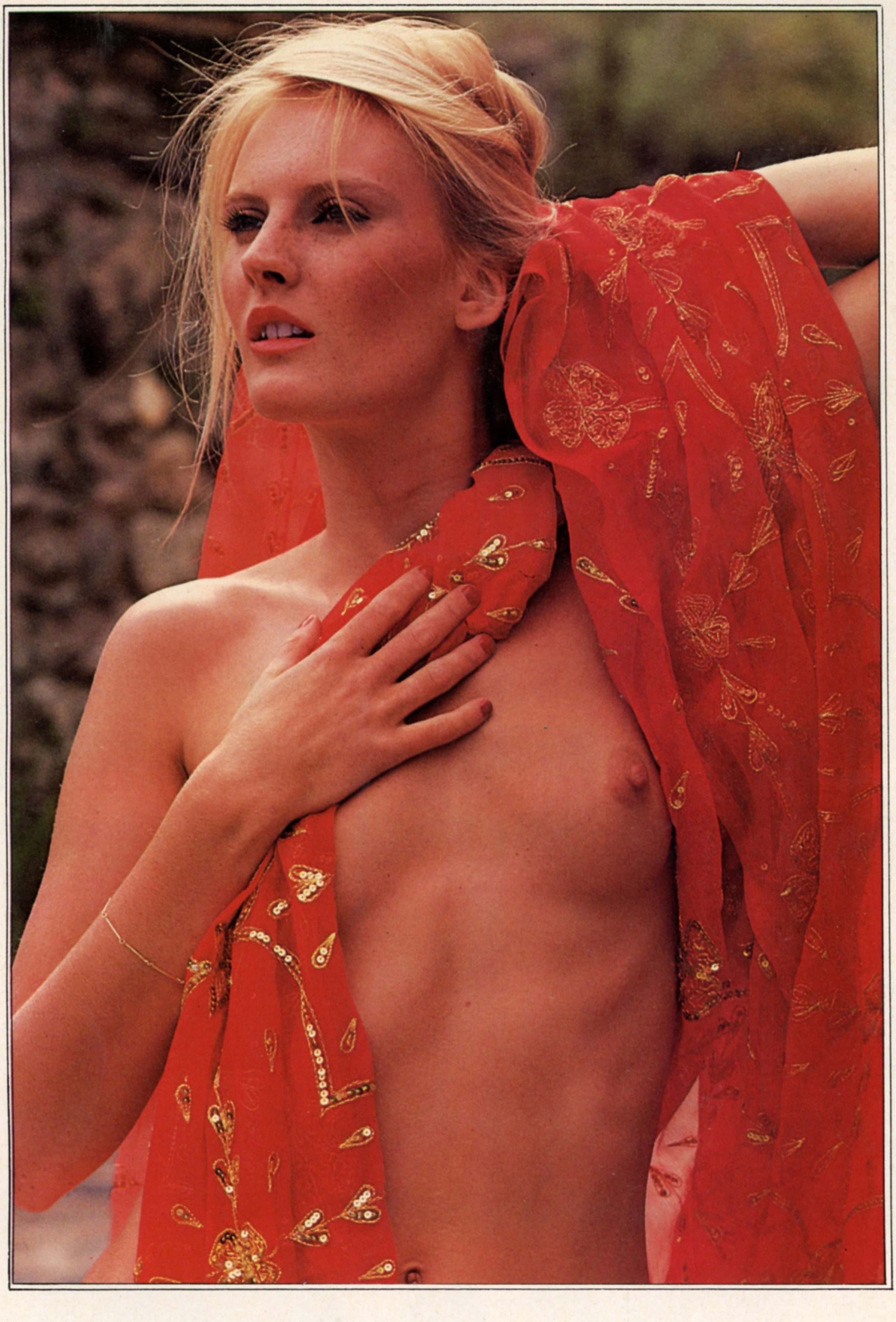
PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN ALLUM

Henley-in-Arden, a historic town in South Warwickshire has lots to be proud of. It has a fine 14th century church, it is the home of delicious Henley ice cream and it is the best place to find 20-year-old Lisa Griffiths. Auburn-haired and sexy this 36-24-36 girl is as much of an attraction as Shakespeare's birthplace eight miles away. And it's in the depths of the Shakespeare county that Lisa works as a waitress. Not any sort of waitress however. Her proper title is Serving Wench in one of the many 'medieval' bars and restaurants. Boars' heads, game and barrels of mead are always on the menu, sometimes there is even a lute player giving a musical accompaniment. So naturally all the tourists love it.

'I suppose I am a bit of a show-off at heart,' smiled Lisa. 'As a child I was always dressing up.' So perhaps it isn't so surprising to find her well trussed up in a tight bodice and long skirt, 'It's very revealing and I wanted to wear it here but it might give away where I work,' she said. 'You can see all the way down the front of it and when I bend down, lots of men look. But if I spot one of them peeking I straighten up and deliberately hitch up my boobs to show more, then wink at them. Some go bright red, or get a sharp dig in the ribs from their wives.' In fact Lisa's playful spirit has nearly had her in trouble a couple of times. 'For customers we don't like, we reserve a sweet called "Banana Surprise". It consists of two scoops of ice cream with a banana between them pointing straight up. Occasionally we add a dollop of cream – I won't say where! It has the other customers roaring . . .'

When Lisa isn't provocatively costumed in her bawdy banquetting hall, she likes nothing more than a quiet drink in one of the pubs in Henley itself. 'I can usually be found in *The Black Swan* or *The Three Tuns* on my nights off. All too often with a girl friend for company,' she sighed rather sadly.

'Bar work, even medieval-style, isn't very conducive to a full love life,' Lisa told us. But she is always on the look out for the mar of her dreams. 'Big and brown, with a wallet to match,' she joked, 'but these days I think I would go for anybody who isn't stuffing himself or guzzling mead.'



Brigitte

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JEAN ROUGERON

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When our photographer Jean Rougeron invited elegant Brigitte Mercier back to her native France for a photo session, he was in for a surprise. Half way through taking pictures of the 20-year-old's supple 34–22–34 body, she ran off and started to pose on top of a stranger's car. 'Shoot me here,' she cried and Rougeron keen to capture the spontaneity of the moment did just that. 'I'm really mad about cars,' explained Brigitte, 'and I just couldn't resist the temptation to pose on this one.' Brigitte's great affection for them certainly comes across in these photographs.

'There are some cars you just have to go up and touch,' sighed Brigitte, 'especially sleek ones like Porsches and Ferraris.' But she does hold a special affection for the Saab Turbo, the car she so readily posed with. 'My last boyfriend bought one after they started doing so well in rallies. We used to race around the country lanes in Sussex, where I now live. It was great.' But Brigitte herself is now quite a master at the wheel. 'I learned a lot of fast driving techniques from him. Now I can handbrake turn and heel-and-toe with the best of them,' she confided to us with the excitement lighting up her eyes.

Not surprisingly Brigitte's main ambition is connected with motor sport. She has set her heart on taking part in the Monte Carlo rally as a private entrant. But there lies a problem. Not only has she not chosen a car for the event, but she can't find a co-driver. 'The men I know are such cowards,' Brigitte said. 'Cornering at 80 mph would scare them stiff. But then again. . .'

Joanne Latham

PHOTOGRAPHED BY DONALD MILNE

Once again *Mayfair* welcomes a modelling sensation to its centre pages. Joanne Latham, one of the top models of all time, reveals more than she ever has for any other British-owned magazine. When you look at her figure it is easy to see just why she has become so sought-after by photographers the world over. Her magnificent 40 inch breasts, baby blue eyes and petite frame have won the admiration of film stars and publishers wherever she goes, and yet she admits to being quite shy about her obvious attributes. This is her full-frontal debut in *Mayfair*. Until now we have been able to observe her peerless superstructure only. At last all of her 40-25-35 figure can now be revealed to our readers.

Joanne is now 21-years-old and was brought up in the Black Country. But her Wolverhampton home is a far cry from the exotic lifestyle that she leads today. Amongst her close friends are enough stars to fill the pages of *Who's Who,* including the man every woman is said to swoon over, Ryan O'Neal. But whoever is lucky enough to date Joanne has to be an early riser. She says she is definitely a morning lover. She once laughingly told Donald Milne that her likes were white wine, young horny men and old rich men, horny or not . . . One man claimed (and got) a snip of pubic hair.

MAYFAIR'S GIRL OF THE MONTH/JOANNE LATHAM

There's no doubt either that anyone who does go out with Joanne has to be prepared for anything. She has a crazy sense of humour and penchant for exhibitionism, as photographer Donald Milne found when he took her to the famous *Tramp* disco in London. She was dressed in a fifties-style pink ball gown with no shoulder straps and Donald naturally asked her to dance with him. After a couple of energetic minutes, her right boob tumbled out, quickly followed by the left. Without missing a step she squashed them back in, but soon they had slipped out again. Naturally eyes were popping as she decided that they were obviously better left that way. So with those magnificent breasts completely bare, she danced on, smiling sweetly at such well known celebrities as Mel Brooks and John McEnroe. Quite a lady, deserving all the success she attains.

Sarah

'My ambition is to saw a man in half.' That was Sarah Brown's disconcerting answer to a question we always ask our models. 'But I'm not a devil worshipper or anything,' she explained, laughing. 'I'm an amateur magician and the trick where somebody is sawn in half always fascinates me. I'd love to be able to perform that one.' Sarah, 23, puts on shows for local charities and for friends in the Colchester area where she lives. She laughs when she remembers one embarrassing moment which happened when she had just started doing shows. 'I used to wear a glamorous costume with a sort of bikini top tied at the front with lace. One day I was performing at a friend's wedding reception and when it came to a rather complicated rope trick I was so nervous I pulled the wrong cord. My bikini flew open and dropped off and I just stood there displaying my 36 inch boobs. Luckily everyone thought it was deliberate and my friend's grandad said it made his day.'

When she is not astounding with her magic, Sarah can be found behind the counter of a bank where her sleight of hand comes in useful for counting fivers. 'Everyone jokes that I'm so fast I slip a few hundred into my handbag without anyone noticing. But of course we're all very honest indeed, so there's no need for the customers to worry.' When it comes to working with figures of a different nature – her full-breasted 36-24-36 – Sarah keeps it in trim with a jog every day, rain or shine. 'I run about three miles in the park before leaving for work.'

MARY

BY MARIO MARNOTO

Looking at the guileless face of 23-year-old Mary Carling, it might be hard to imagine that it hides a natural cunning. A side to her character that only becomes apparent when the 34-23-34 beauty is anywhere near a card table. For if you give Mary a deck to shuffle, one thing you can bet on is that she will soon be holding the winning hand. Whatever game you choose, if it involves cards, the young lady from Brighton will almost certainly beat you and losing to a girl as young and striking as Mary can be quite a blow to a male ego. 'Some men just have to win,' she smiled knowingly.

So how did she acquire this talent at the table? 'Before I moved to Brighton, I used to work in a casino as a dealer on the blackjack tables. There I learned all the shuffles, a few tricks and a lot of the games. You soon get to know them,' she told us. Since then, there have been few friends of hers she hasn't beaten. 'I lose more boyfriends that way than any other,' she grinned. 'One used to get so angry he'd hit the first thing he saw. He once even broke the goldfish bowl with his fist. Now that's what I call a sore loser . . .'

Mary's inability to lose at cards can aggravate men in other ways. 'I'm always being challenged to games of strip poker,' said Mary, 'and many a time have sat at a table surrounded by men in their underpants, whilst I'm still fully clothed.' So, not surprisingly, some of her friends decided to get their revenge in the form of a marked deck. 'I couldn't understand it. The cards just wouldn't fall right and I was down to my bra and panties. Then I lost the bra to two pairs, but that must have spoiled their concentration. I started winning after that.'

Penelope

PHOTOGRAPHED BY SIWER OHLSSON

Letchmore Heath in Hertfordshire could be called the ideal village. There's a pub by the green, a pond and the added beauty of 37-23-34, 23-year-old stunner, personable Penelope Crawford.

Penelope finds it the perfect place to live. Quiet, secluded and yet within easy reach of the centre of London where she works as the branch manageress of a well-known temp agency. A lofty job for a young girl. 'I was lucky,' she told us, 'I got on really well with the previous manager – Old Father Temps, we used to call him – and he recommended me as his replacement when he retired. I think he fancied me.' Since then she has been able to boss the other men around. 'I have to be firm now and again, but we soon make it up over a bottle of house red in the wine bar.'

Penelope's other regular haunt is the village local, *The Three Horseshoes*, where she is partial to the occasional gin and tonic. 'I love sitting outside in the warm weather sipping my drink. Very decadent don't you think?' she smiled. 'After seeing *Whatever Happened to Baby Jane*, I would love to roll up there in a 1951 Lincoln convertible, like Bette Davis had in the film and then sip cocktails with some gorgeous man. Afterwards we'd go for a spin in the country and, what did they use to call it? *Spoon.* Do you think that I'm too romantic?'

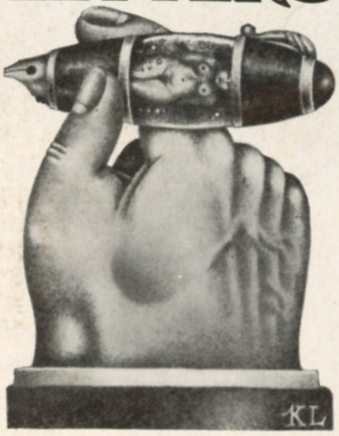
Micky

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
PETER FLODQUIST

'A lot of our trade, these days, is business conferences,' Micky told us. 'The whole place can be filled with dishy young executives all discussing sales plans and so on. I do my best to make them feel at home . . .' But the members of British middle-management aren't always as impassive as they may outwardly appear. 'Oh no,' chuckled Micky, 'once they get away from home they seem to change completely. Some are very naughty indeed. What's more, the receptionist is often the prime target.' Only the other week for example Micky found herself literally carried away. 'This product manager suddenly took a fancy to me and instead of just asking me out, he rushed around the desk picked me up and carried me into the garden. Next thing I know I'm underneath him being kissed all over. Then he calmly escorted me back to my desk and said thank you.' But to show just how cool she can be Micky calmly carried on. 'Then I realised I had grass all over the back of my skirt . . .'

Filling in forms was something of a problem for our 20-year-old charmer from Derby. For whenever she was asked for her full name, she had to write Michelle Antonia Davinia Montgomery, and there was rarely enough space to print it all. It is no wonder then that she much prefers to be called simply Micky and has done since she left school two years ago. 'I just couldn't stand it any longer,' sighed the 34-23-34 beauty. 'All the girls used to call me Mad Monty after my initials and I finally decided Michelle would disappear for ever. On my leaving form I just scrawled 'Micky' right across the christian name section. The headmistress was most disapproving, but I've never looked back.' Since that fateful day Micky has been making quite a name for herself in the hotel trade for she is now a receptionist at one of the smaller hotels in the area. In a smart dress, immaculately made-up, Micky is one of the most pleasant sights in the newly designated city and is doing more than her share in helping to attract business to the area.

LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Please don't send John Allum anywhere near my house. He may inadvertantly get bumped off. Why? Because me and all my mates in the local are in love with his wife. Since we saw Joanie Allum in Vol 17 No 8, she has been pinned on every wall of the public bar. Please let us see her again soon. Surely 20 regular boozers can't be wrong.

Arthur Banks, Walsall

Thank you very much for the fabulous pictures of Roberta Baird in the *Best of Mayfair*. Let's have more of her in future issues. Her 41DD boobs are fantastic and had me thirsting for more pictures of her ever since I feasted my eyes upon them last October. In fact her beautiful breasts are so big, you could spend most of an issue exploring them, from every angle. Let's see some pictures of her in a strapless evening gown and cleavage bra as well.

My girlfriend has a great 38D bust, so *Mayfair* has to photograph something exceptional to turn me on. Roberta certainly did that. Please show us some more.

LP, London WC2

Roberta Baird (left) and Roxanne Brewer, our full breasted beauties.

Here's another glimpse to be going on with. Perhaps you might also like a quick preview of Roxanne Brewer whose 45DD-26-36 figure appears in the second edition of Best of Mayfair, *out shortly.*

I must congratulate you on the splendid spread of photographs showing the steam locomotives in the Zambesi Saw Mills Railway Museum in Vol 17 No 8.

As a steam locomotive buff I share the nostalgia for the ungainly and thirsty beasts of burden which had contributed to the area for so many years.

Mark Johnson's photography captured the desolation of their graveyard. However I feel these locos should not be allowed to rot: rather they should provide a great opportunity for members of a local preservation group to join with the museum and try to bring them into a more presentable state.

LT, Whitstable

I did enjoy reading your Vol 17 No 6 edition and was particularly interested in the feature on windsurfing. As a windsurfer myself I thought I would add my advice to others who might, after seeing your spectacular photos, be tempted to buy a board and have a go.

As your article suggested a board can cost £300 or over and this is no investment to be made lightly. When I first got mine, I nearly burnt it after the first day. For a start windsurfing is very difficult. It is easy to get the impression that you just hang on the mast but since this is on a universal joint, it doesn't exactly provide a great deal of security. Also when you lift the sail out of the sea it is full of water and consequently very heavy. Trying to lift it on a moving, floating surfboard is again not something that one can master first time. It is hardly surprising therefore that on my first Mediterranean holiday, with my £350 board under my arm intending to look cool, I spent most of the time falling off. Oh yes, it got me plenty of attention from the ladies, but the wrong sort. They thought I was an idiot.

After such an ignominious failure I'm afraid my board got stuck in the back of a garage, until somebody pointed out that there was a school nearby that gave lessons. In a freezing cold lake in Droitwich, I learned the rudiments of sailboarding. This year therefore I was a wow on the sea with my board.

The moral is simple. Do take up windsurfing. But make sure you get lessons first. Otherwise, you can look a real moron and waste a good deal of money.

C Shaw, Bexhill

I feel that I must congratulate you for the splendid drawing at the start of the *Quest* section in Vol 17 No 6. It leaves so much to the imagination. For example:

(a) Is the next action to be the slipping of a hand under her hot tight knickers to give her fanny a full fingering?

(b) Will her pants be eased down to allow her lovely buttocks to be well spanked?

(c) Will her pants be pulled down, with her body being moved forward, so that her candy floss can be well licked?

(d) Will her knickers be ripped right off and her body moved to the vertical so that she can receive her deserts by being pulled down on to a firm tool?

Some other scenarios also come readily to mind as alternatives for your *Quest* illustration.

(a) An attactive blonde, with a short dress, having her breast fondled. Meanwhile her pants are just above her knees and the other hand is up her skirt.

(b) A seaside special where a young woman is bent over an open deck-chair, her bikini top having been slipped off her shoulders and her breasts dangling into the canvas of the chair. One hand is pulling her bikini bottom down whilst the other caresses her bum.

(c) A girl is on her hands and knees in a field. Her trousers are around her ankles and her pants are being removed so she can be screwed from behind.

(d) An attractive brunette, wearing nothing but a camisole, but sitting astride a large round pole so that her legs are wrapped around it.

(e) A very seductive blonde is lying on a soft bed, her hands are bound behind her. Her pants are around her ankles and she is writhing expectantly.

(f) A male and female are caressing in a room full of filing racks. Her hand is exploring the front of his trousers whilst he is slipping his hand under the elastic of her pants.

(g) A man and woman sitting together on the grass. She has a matching skirt (short) and top. Whilst they embrace his hand slides up her stockingless legs to explore her crutch.

It's amazing what thoughts can stem from a single picture. I hope this will give you some ideas for the future.

FG, Norwich.

We are glad you like our illustrations, FG. For the benefit of yourself and other readers who might like to stretch their imaginations, the same drawing appears with this month's Quest *inverviews (see page 107) on the subject of bottoms. We will do our best to incorporate your other suggestions at some time in the future.*

About three months ago I returned home from work to find that my wife, in a fit of house-cleaning activity, had cleared the desk in my study of a number of important papers,

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LETTERS

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which she had destroyed. We had quarreled several times previously about her enthusiasm for tidying up my desk. I was upset at the loss of the papers and in my irritation told my wife that she deserved a good hiding. After a moment's silence she slipped out of the room and I, thinking that I had gone a bit too far in my anger, began to sort out what had been lost.

The next thing I knew was that my wife had returned to the study, now wearing a dressing gown and carrying one of my belts in her hand. She coolly informed me that she agreed that she deserved a good hiding and thrust the belt into my hands. She took off the dressing-gown; underneath she was naked. Without more ado she draped herself face down over the arm of the study sofa and, with her face pressed into the cushions, told me to get on with it.

In astonishment I gave her a couple of half-hearted slaps across her buttocks and stopped. She urged me to carry on and 'give it to her properly'. I gave her four more strokes, a bit harder this time, feeling a mixture of astonishment and a certain excitement. She half turned over on the sofa, looked up at me and said, 'Look, let's get on with it, for God's sake'. I raised the belt and laid it hard across her buttocks half a dozen times, leaving angry red marks.

She got up, wet eyed and pink faced, put on the dressing-gown and went out of the room, muttering that supper would be ready in half an hour. I stayed in the study until she called me. She sat gingerly during the meal and we had little to say to each other but afterwards she took my hand and led me upstairs. The dishes didn't get washed that evening but we had a fairly wild romp in bed.

About a week later she gave a gift wrapped parcel to me. It contained a tawse – a broad leather strap with a serrated tip and shaped handle, complete with loop to hang it by. 'A touch of that now and again should clear the air *and* make life more interesting' was all she said.

I had heard the arguments against all forms of corporal punishment and the anger of feminists against exploitation of women, but here was my own wife asking to be kept in order. She won't say too much about her motives; obviously it has stimulated some wild love making which she revels in but it also hurts quite a bit.

We used the tawse for the first time last week after a quarrel and at her request. The way she spreadeagled herself and offered explicit instruction on where to use the tawse to best effect left me speechless: the inventive variations she led me into afterwards had a similar effect! A week later the marks have gone but the tawse hangs by our bed as a constant reminder.

I'm amazed at her attitude and rather ashamed at the excitement that this punishment arouses in me. Is it so unusual for a woman to welcome such treatment and for a man to find pleasure in giving it?

KJH, West Midlands

May I say how valuable my wife and I have found your book *How to Last Longer.*

At our ages – I am 50 and my wife 45 – there had been at times a staleness in our sex life in contrast to the enjoyment and satisfaction of our youth.

A new understanding coupled with experimentation have opened a new and exciting experience for us as we followed the guidance given in the book. Some of the problems we had encountered were resolved, thanks to the excellent illustrations.

We think that couples perhaps younger than us would benefit from an examination of the book. Thank you.

PW, Grimsby

Flicking through a few old editions of *Mayfair*, I found an unusual set entitled *The Feverish Fantasy of Nurse Nicola* in Vol 16 No 8. This put me in mind of a story that genuinely happened to me when I was in hospital in Amsterdam.

I was on holiday over there and managed to get knocked down by a car, breaking my leg in several places. I was rushed to hospital where I was forced to lie in traction for several weeks. Now, I am a healthy 21-year-old with all the right longings and after eight weeks of incapacitation, I was frustrated to say the least. Mentioning it to another patient, he turned to me and said, 'You know, if you ask

turn to page 126

TERRIFIC DOUBLE JIGSAW OFFER

Do girls go to pieces when you touch them? Our two will. That's because lovely Lesley and Lynda are featured on *Mayfair's* quality hand-cut wooden jigsaws. They are just waiting to be reassembled. Lesley is provocatively poised in her PVC boots, Lynda in a clingy, wet smock. Both are perfectly reproduced and measure 11½ inches by 8½ inches. What's more, you don't have to puzzle out which one to choose. Both our jigsaw girls will be sent to you, discreetly packaged, for just £4.99 Why not get them together today.

Please send me....(Qty) set(s) of the two *Mayfair* Jigsaws at the special offer price of £4.99
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M1710

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What others have gained through the programme

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You've no idea the amount of confidence I've built up..(B.S. Herts)

After learning the techniques on the course, I felt calm and in control... (S.G. Hong Kong)

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LETTERS

continued from page 124

them nicely they will give you a hand job.'

Now I had heard of such a service being offered and since my nurse was young and very attractive, the idea definitely appealed. One day, after much hesitation, I plucked up enough courage to ask her if it was possible to get 'relief massage'. Coyly she replied that it was but she would have to ask Sister.

From that day on, every time I felt her soft skin I would imagine it caressing me. As I looked at her in her starched white uniform I could feel her hands around my tool. It was sending me into an even greater frenzy of frustration than before. As tactfully as possible, I would ask her if permission had been granted and she would smile and remain non-committal. Then one morning she sent me reeling with the news that Sister had said it was alright. I started getting ready but she told me that it would not be until the afternoon.

You can imagine my excitement. It would be my first orgasm for over two months and from a pretty young girl. I spent all afternoon thinking about it. Then as I drank my tea, a nurse started to pull the screens around me. This is it, I thought. I shut my eyes as in expectation. Suddenly I heard a harsh voice.

'Are you the one for relief?' It was the Sister, a large pig-faced woman with an awful air of efficiency about her.

'Yes. My nurse is . . .' I stammered but she ignored me.

'Right then. Let's get on with it,' she boomed and with that put on a rubber glove and produced a sponge and wrapped it around me. With very aggressive strokes from the enormous woman, it was over. It was a terrible disappointment.

So beware, all you who fantasize about nurses. Even Nurse Nicola probably has a Sister who insists on doing all the best jobs.

RTE, Bromley

I was fascinated by the cover of your Vol 17 No 8 edition featuring the model Bodie smothered in ice cream. It was a highly unusual and arousing idea – the thought of rubbing it all in quite got me going. I would pay a great deal to be the man who splodged it all over her. Really, you guys at *Mayfair* have an enviable time, how much do you pay to work there? Let's see more splattered women on your covers.

ABH, Brixton

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ALL A-BOARD! THE COLOURFUL CRAZE OF WINDSURFING
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BOTTOM OF THE CLASS: IT'S OUR FORMER SCHOOL MISTRESS
HOWZAT! THE UNGENTLEMANLY HITS OF CRICKET
A LASS FROM LLANELLI: WELSH WORTH SEEING
LOST LOCOS: THE FORGOTTEN TRAINS OF AFRICA
RAISE YOUR GLASSES TO THE GIRL FROM THE OPTICIANS
THE LURE OF LEGS: NEW QUEST SURVEY

You've found us out. We do have to pay to work here. Only last month, our Chief Sub Clive Harris wasn't allowed to look at any of the photos because his last cheque bounced.

I enjoy your magazine very much, particularly the features, girls and the jokes which I frequently tell at my golf club. I believe that *Mayfair* has probably the best pictures of any magazine in the country and I have taken it almost ever since it started.

The reason that I am writing is the story you carried with Rosina, the girl from the fancy dress hire agency in Vol 17 No 6, reminded me very much of a recent incident.

I live in Thames Ditton, a friendly area near Hampton Court and decided to hold a fancy dress evening for all our friends. All the costumes were hired and my wife and I were determined to put on a good show. Since we were the host and hostess we thought it would be rather amusing if we dressed up as maid and butler and so we ordered the costumes. When they arrived though it was obvious that my wife's, instead of being the 1930's style dress she expected, was a very short satin affair with black stockings and suspenders. We laughed about it, then I suggested she hired something else. But she was most offended. 'I'm not that old yet,' she said, 'I will wear this and enjoy it.' And I must admit that whilst my wife is only 30, I had completely forgotten what fantastic legs she had. Enmeshed in those

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LETTERS

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stockings and visible almost to the crutch, she looked sensational.

As the cars started to arrive in the driveway we went to meet our guests and it was impossible to compete with my wife for grabbing attention. All eyes were fixed on her. All our work colleagues and golf club chums were just bowled over and even Mary Beauchamp (name changed) who was meant to be a punk rocker in very tight plastic trousers couldn't raise an eyebrow after they had seen my wife. So let me say that a little care and a provocative costume can still work. It can turn heads even within the cynical business world of which I am a part.

Incidentally, I, of course, had the last laugh. Had any of our guests stayed long enough and walked into the wrong room by mistake they would have seen a very horny butler, lifting up that satin and reaching into a pair of saucy knickers – still with stockings and suspenders in place. Even now, I still dream about it, and perhaps so do they.

EWH, Thames Ditton

I thought I would share with you an amusing incident that took place last week.

My girlfriend and I live in London and have done so for the last six years, so naturally we are quite well acquainted with the Underground system. However recently we found a completely new aspect to tube travel.

We were coming back late one night from visiting friends in the Kings Road in Chelsea (we live in the flats near the Barbican) and decided that it would be best to catch the tube back. Not being in too much of a rush we got on a Circle Line train which whilst it would take a long time, would mean we didn't have to change. In traditional late-night tube train fashion, it stopped in a tunnel immediately after leaving Sloane Square station half way to Victoria. Now because we were right at one end of the train we were in an empty carriage and Ruth, (name changed) my girlfriend, started kissing me and touching me up. I kissed her back and started to put my hand inside her blouse and was reaching for her breasts when the train started up with a jolt. Before I could get any further we were floodlit by Victoria Station.

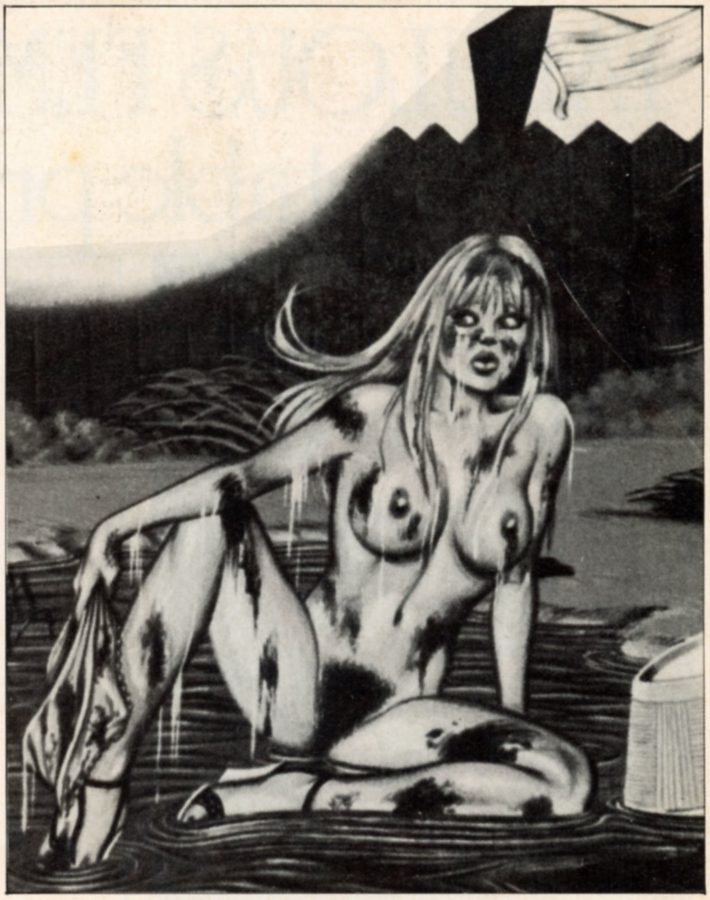
I was a bit annoyed but I need not have been. As Ruth pointed out, there are 14 tunnels between Sloane Square and the Barbican, and with a wicked grin she started to undo my flies. Before we got to St James Park, she had me out and was stroking me. By Blackfriars she had her mouth around me and the journey to Liverpool Street was sheer ecstasy. Each time we reached a station she threw her jacket over me so that nobody could see but fortunately it didn't matter because nobody got in our end of the train anyway (the southern half of the Circle is fairly quiet, most people travelling in the nothern half from the West End). I finally came on the way to Moorgate and the last tunnel was spent cleaning ourselves up. It made for a great journey and was certainly better than reading all those temp agency advertisements!

Has anyone else used the Underground for erotic purposes? Can you do the same on Newcastle's Metro, I wonder?

D. Hill, London

It sounds a bit risky to us but if anybody else is thinking of trying it, they might like to know that the longest distance between any two stations on the London Underground system is 3.89 miles. That is from Chesham to Chalfont and Latimer on the northern end of the Metropolitan line. At an average speed of 20 mph that gives you about 11½ minutes. However it isn't worth the effort between the two closest stations on the network. The journey between Covent Garden and Leicester Square takes about 29 seconds!

I am just writing to say how much I enjoy the adventures of Carrie in your magazine. There is just one problem, my boyfriend is rapidly growing to think that I am Carrie as in appearance and misfortunes I am very like her. I too have long blonde hair, I am well proportioned (36-24-35) and worst of all I am very clumsy. The reason for this, so everybody tells me is that I am left-handed and short-sighted, but the result is a great number of Carrie-like scrapes.



I have lost count of the numerous times that I have spilt things over myself or fallen in rivers and ponds, and now whenever this happens, my boyfriend just says, 'Come along, Carrie,' and laughs. I've even lost my clothes in similar ways to your heroine. I used to wear a lot of very full skirts and I was always ripping them on railings and barbed wire. On the disco floor you could guarantee that something would get caught on my top or it would spring open unexpectedly. It really can be quite embarrassing. I seem to be totally accident-prone.

But the most realistic cartoon for me by far was her escapade with the knickers on the washing-line, where she ended in the pool of mud. This happened almost identically to me, though I didn't lose quite as many clothes. I too was hanging out my panties on the line when the wind caught them. In my case they were whipped away to a bush. Of course I had to climb into it to rescue them, during which time the twigs caught my skirt. I tried to tug it free but only succeeded in entangling it further. It was a warm day and our garden isn't overlooked so I decided to risk taking it off. I managed to reach my wind-blown panties now and grabbed them. Unfortunately in doing so, I up-ended myself and fell headfirst into the bush. There was a terrific splat, because whilst it had been sunny, there was still wet mud under the bush and I landed in it face first. I do know just how your strip-girl feels!

I was going to send you a photo but I thought there might be other Carrie look-alikes around. Perhaps you could feature other girls who look or are as accident-prone as Carrie and myself.

Pat, Preston

A good idea, Pat. If any of you think your girlfriend looks like our heroine (above), drop us a line. Incidentally, Carrie and her creator, Steve Kingston are on holiday this month but will be back next month with more adventures.

I very much enjoy reading your *Quest* interviews and look forward to the day I meet one of your team. Since, as yet, I haven't encountered one, I thought that I would write and tell you about an incident that occured this year on holiday.

I was going camping in Scotland and decided that I would take my girlfriend along with me so that she too could admire the grandeur of the scenery. However, I think that she was a little uncertain about being under canvas in the unpredictable Scottish climate. Sure enough for the first couple of days it rained and whilst we were all dolled up in kagouls

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and waterproof trousers, it wasn't too much fun.

Then one day we decided to go to Skye. We crossed over on the ferry from Mallaig and whilst the weather was cloudy it wasn't actually raining. I could sense that my girlfriend's mood was changing with the weather and the spectacular Skye scenery. By the time we arrived at Portree where we had planned to set up the tent for the night, the sun had come out and we were both feeling quite content. We set up camp and started to cook a meal. I dug out a bottle of wine to celebrate the change in weather and after a few mugfuls of that with the barbecued meal we were both feeling quite naughty.

I don't know what it is about the outdoor life but when you take girls away from the town they look a great deal more beautiful. Their complexions start to glow, their hair takes on a freer more wild appearance and even their breasts seem more full and proud. Linda's (name changed) certainly did.

After the meal and the wine we lay down together on the tussocky grass outside the tent. The sun was beginning to set behind the mountains and everything looked like the end of a romantic film. I leaned over Linda, blessedly free of that baggy kagoul and now in just a blouse and angora pullover with well worn jeans taut across her legs, and kissed her full on the lips.

'Mmm,' she said, 'that's nice,' and let me kiss her again, this time her mouth open letting my tongue explore inside. She rolled on top of me and my hands wriggled through the soft wool to reach down inside her jeans. I squeezed one in as my other hand grasped a firm breast covered in angora that felt warm and inviting. Her tongue was pushing into me now and so I started to undo her jeans. I was pulling down the zip when suddenly, guess what? I felt a drop of rain on the back of my head, then another and another. 'Damn,' I said (or something similar), 'we had better go inside.'

We crawled into the tent and positioned ourselves again. My hand shuffling her jeans down so that I could reach into her panties more comfortably. Her hands were opening my shirt and rubbing my chest and kissing it, biting at my skin. As I reached inside her knickers I could hear the rain beating hard on the canvas but somehow it made us feel warmer – even closer together. I reached her dark pussy which was already damp and began to rub it, working my fingers into her slit. She gasped a little and clung tight to me.

By this time my tool had grown considerably and was bursting from my jeans. Linda reached down and undid my zip to let me out and it wasn't long before I eased my full length into her. There wasn't much room in the tent but I still managed to get a good rhythm going, sliding in and out to the slight moans of my girl (one advantage of camping being that you don't have to worry about the neighbours overhearing!). We pounded to a climax and to get the best from my final thrust I pushed really hard. So hard in fact that Linda rolled right over, crying as she did so. Unfortunately in this orgasmic state she dislodged the tent pole and as we finished, the tent gave way and collapsed around us. It was soaking wet and raining still but somehow after our exertions it just seemed rather refreshing, as we lay there, being showered, surrounded by canvas. However it wasn't so much fun putting it back up (the tent that is!).

From then on we really enjoyed our holiday together whatever the weather. We hope to go again this spring. In the meantime we both enjoy reading your magazine.

PMC, Bishop Stortford

I was very pleased and amused to have my vocabulary of the parts of the female form improved by the news item appearing in the *Daily Telegraph* recently.

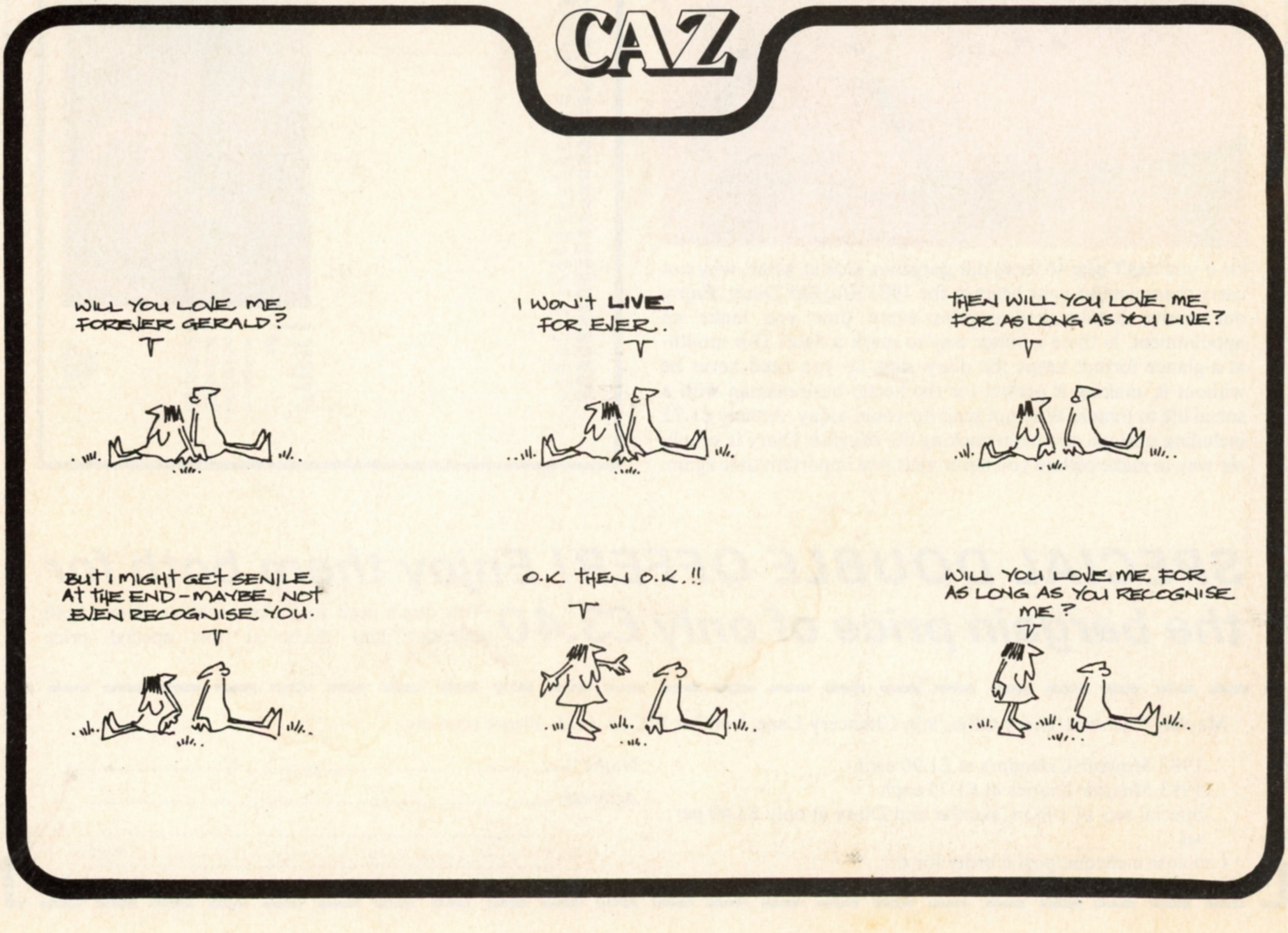
It reported that the mayor of Isola di Pantelleria had declared that the island south west of Sicily was off-limits to nudists.

He had issued a decree saying it was 'shameful' that some women 'expose sickening carnal protuberances.'

The mayor is 50 years of age.

PS, London

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ


CAZ
WILL YOU LOVE ME FOREVER GERALD?
I WON'T LIVE FOR EVER.
THEN WILL YOU LOVE ME FOR AS LONG AS YOU LIVE?
BUT I MIGHT GET SENILE AT THE END – MAYBE NOT EVEN RECOGNISE YOU.
O.K. THEN O.K.!!
WILL YOU LOVE ME FOR AS LONG AS YOU RECOGNISE ME?

SCENE

Once again we are happy to announce that *Mayfair* has another exclusive for its readers. This month, on our centre pages, we feature the sensational Joanne Latham and *Mayfair* has secured the only full frontal pictures of her taken in Great Britain.

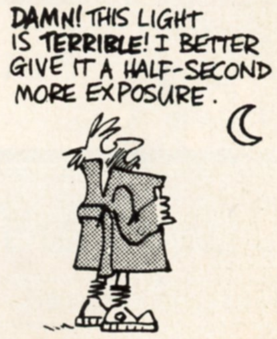
It is the first time that she has appeared completely nude in a British-owned magazine, and we are very proud to be the 'barer' of such good news. Joanne has had a stunning career and has been reputed to be one of the best paid models of all time. Certainly the great 21-year-old's 40-25-35 figure warrants all the attention that she has acquired and it has made her the toast of film stars and television personalities the world over. We think that Donald Milne's set and cover picture captures her beauty perfectly and we hope you enjoy them. The centre page set begins on page 59.

Most men at some time have the desire to buy their girl some attractive and sexy underwear. However the scene that follows is all too familiar. Shuffling, red-faced, one goes into the shop to be confronted by awkward questions about size or choice of material. Now *Mayfair* has put an end to that with its special lingerie offer (see page 127). All you have to do is fill in the form or send for our full colour catalogue.

But just how did we choose the underwear available in this offer? Once again, it was thanks to the ever resourceful editorial staff, always with your best interests at heart, who gave themselves to the task. Thumbing through the catalogue, each of us was invited to make our personal selection. And, of course, we all chose differently. Deputy Editor Peter Wilton opted for a very pretty pink satin and lace waspie with briefs and stockings – not for himself, he hastened to point out, but for the lady in his life. Features Editor, Martin Burr, chose a sheer black lace negligee with matching briefs. 'I'd love to see my girl in something like that,' he said, but we cooled him down with a bucket of water.

Finally, Chief Sub Clive Harris had a look at the now well-thumbed catalogue. He was particularly keen on the playsuits, especially a very revealing wet-look one. 'It's the way that it hugs the figure,' he proclaimed. 'Very sexy.' But when Art Editor 'Kenn Simms' and Kenneth Bound opted for completely different designs again, it was clear that, in union parlance, we would have to go to arbitration. Soon after we chose three designs which we feel reflect our taste – and hopefully yours; a sexy body stocking, a playsuit and a lacy three-piece set. We think that your girl will love them, but if by any chance you have as much trouble choosing as we did, you can select straight from our catalogue which costs only 60p, refundable with your first order. We hope you find something to your liking – we certainly did.

Meet Flash Filstrup, the man who has turned indecent exposure into an art. Flash is the creation of cartoonist Peter Plant. And now he has brought out a book, a series of strip cartoons featuring the adventures of the amateur flasher called simply, *Flash Filstrup – The Fastest Overcoat in Town* published by Arrow Books priced £1. Flash is an expert in his craft. He knows where to go and just how to time his 'appearances' for the maximum effect. And the benefit of his advice can now be yours. As Flash himself says of the book, 'I want nothing hidden. Everything has gotta be right out there for people to see.' It is.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The Mayfair Book Society

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Price £12.80

FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

**** ♡♡ **Cat People** (X), 1 hr 58 mins. Persuading your loved one to be tied naked and spread-eagled to the bed on the pretext that she might turn into a leopard and devour you as you make love might sound a pretty slim excuse for a spot of mild bondage. Not after seeing this film – since this is precisely the precaution New Orleans zoo curator Oliver Yates (John Heard) is forced to take when he discovers his dewy-eyed girlfriend Irena (Nastassa *Tess of the D'Urbevilles* Kinski) has just such an ability. Irena, it transpires, belongs to an ancient tribe who are so transformed when they make love. Only an immediate kill can reverse the process. Mating, however, can be achieved safely – with her own brother (Malcolm McDowell). This revelation – made when the virginal Irena is re-united with him after many years' absence is naturally – or unnaturally – something of a shock. Her attempts to live with her problem provide the meat, in more senses than one, of this film. Shocks, gore, sex and more shocks are mingled expertly and effectively in this enormously stylish hokum. Be prepared for several bouts of dismemberment (including an awful warning on the dangers of tickling big cats through cage bars), an animal autopsy that will give you a wholly unexpected jolt and quite the curviest blonde to strip on screen in years. Sadly her apparent prowess at oral sex doesn't save her from a sticky end at Mr McDowell's paws.

*** ♡♡ **Bladerunner** (AA), 1 hr 56 mins. In AD 2109 genetic engineering can duplicate any living creature – from an owl to a human being. The humans – *replicants* – are superstrong, do hazardous jobs on other worlds and live only four years. But, being highly intelligent and possessing frighteningly few emotions, they try to sneak back to Earth where special police ('blade-runners') use psychic powers to detect them. Any detected replicant is 'retired', ie shot down, on sight. Former blade-runner Deckard (Harrison Ford) – he got tired of the killing – is re-hired to track down six of the most advanced, and dangerous models who've returned to Los Angeles to force their creator to prolong their lives. This updated private eye tale takes place in a shadowy, rain-soaked mega-city where the mile-high buildings look like a cross between ancient Babylon and modern Tokyo. Mobile advertising hoardings like the mothership in *Close Encounters* glide among the artificial canyons and, in the bustling, garbage-strewn streets, the predominant influence is Japanese. The background is stunningly and convincingly portrayed but we've seen such special effect wonders before (the director made *Alien*) and regretfully they can't disguise a less than inspired plot and minimal characterisation. But you'll feel cheated if you don't check for yourself.

*** ♡**Star Trek II: The Wrath Of Khan** (A), 2 hrs. Interrupted during a training mission by a madman (Ricardo Montalban) who steals a device than can turn lifeless planets into paradises and vice versa at the touch of a button, Captain Kirk (William Shatner), once more at the helm of the starship *Enterprise*, takes off in hot pursuit. With less emphasis on the eye-boggling special effects of the first movie, *Star Trek II* concentrates wisely and successfully on being a rattling good yarn, expanding Kirk's character usefully and even coming up with a tragic ending – though *Star Trek III* will doubtless sort that out. Well-crafted entertainment in the *Star Wars* mould.

*** ♡♡ **Possession** (X), 2 hrs 7 mins. Who is the mysterious lover who forces West Berlin housewife Isabelle Adjani to abandon her young son and hubbie Sam Neill (last seen in *Omen III*)? It certainly isn't the poofy, motorbike-riding Yoga expert husband O'Neill discovers she's been sleeping with for the past year. What it is, is very odd indeed! It's a shapeless, tentacled thing slurping obscenely in a deserted slum but quite capable of making love to Ms Adjani all night long. She guards it jealously, chopping up anyone who has the misfortune to set eyes on it. Understandably the husband has a breakdown and the wife goes increasingly ga-ga, enjoying en route a gory and hysterical miscarriage in a Berlin subway. Brilliantly made and acted, it's one of the year's weirdest and most disturbing films.

** ♡♡♡ **Sex Dens Of Bangkok** (X), 1 hr 18 mins. Dubbed. Flying home after an orgiastic Bangkok holiday in an apparently square aeroplane (the production money clearly went on travelogue footage rather than sets) a party of randy bachelors reminisce about their erotic hours spent in massage parlours and sex clubs. Much humping ensues – with slow motion impressively prolonging the participants' ardour. But the most imaginative moment occurs at the climax of a lissome and naked black girl's masturbatory dance in a sex club. Suddenly inspired, the party's leader whips off his trousers and joins the dancer, who subsides into helpless giggles, before indulging with him all over the stage as the audience chant encouragement. Meanwhile, back on the plane, the party's bosomy tour guide – frustrated by her own lack of action – strips off as the party sleeps and wakes each one in turn, inviting them to tumble her – on her seat, in the loo and finally in the aisle.

*** ♡♡♡ **Emanuelle Queen Bitch** (X), 1 hr 20 mins. Lean, olive-skinned Laura Gemser, the screen's most enduring Emanuelle (Sylvia Kristel only played the character twice) seems to kiss goodbye to the role by arranging to have her rich and sadistic husband bumped off in a fake aircraft accident. This involves seducing a hired killer who promptly turns into a blackmailer, seducing every other female in the film. Better plotted, acted and made than *Sex Dens*, it shows that good production values don't always score erotically over inexpensive but enthusiastic lust. But Miss Gemser fans will like it.

'As slow lingering deaths go, it's one of the best.'

DISCS

Peter Hopkin

Better men than I have tried to sum up the appeal of the Rolling Stones, the everlasting British rock group. But one thing is for certain, their music sounds as good as ever. Furthermore, as anyone who saw their recent tour performances will agree, they are still a great live band. Just to prove the point, EMI have released **Still Life**, a album recorded at one of the gigs on the American tour in 1981 and it is superb. Jagger, despite middle-age, is as lean and hungry-sounding as ever and still performs classics such as *Let's Spend the Night Together* with the same force as he did in the sixties. As well as old favourites the album also includes their latest hit, *Going to a Go-Go*. Stones fans of all ages (and the recent concerts revealed many far too young to remember the early Brian Jones days), will enjoy this album from the quintessential rock band. They are still hard to beat at their game namely performing solid rock music.

I would be lying if I tried to pretend Gladys Knight wasn't one of my favourite lady vocalists, so please forgive my bias in this respect. She has a remarkable vocal range and is equally effective singing disco-orientated or balladic numbers and this adaptability comes across well in **Every Beat of My Heart**. A collection of songs from well-known standards such as *You've Lost that Loving Feeling* and *Yesterday* to her version of the *Theme from The Valley of the Dolls*, there's no doubt that Pickwick have chosen a good selection of tracks for this compilation album. Definitely the sort of music one can listen to all day – or all night for that matter.

As music trends come and go so rapidly these days (or is it just that they seem to as one gets older?), it is not surprising that amongst the harder rock sounds in the charts, one can find groups like the Goombay Dance Band. Today there seems room for a great variety of music, as trends crash into one another. And I hope that this melodic sound is one that will last longer than some of the others. **Seven Tears** from Epic enjoys a lot of influences from Jamaican reggae to soul and the result is a quiet late-night sound that all can enjoy. As well as the famous title track, one of my favourites has to be *Under the Sun, Moon and Stars,* a rich blend of sounds that makes you long for a Pina Colada and semi-naked beauty by your side – but then I frequently do.

Every so often our television screens are filled with the adventures of a set of amiable outlaws who seem intent on wrecking practically every vehicle on the road. I'm referring, of course, to *The Dukes of Hazzard,* a family of daredevil drivers who are always trying to get one-up on Boss Hogg and the so-called law abiding-citizens of Hazzard county. It might be hard to imagine but now the regular cast of the programme have released a record. Entitled simply **The Dukes of Hazzard** (CBS) it is a collection of songs and music with a strong country flavour, some of which were used as incidental music in the series. It may seem just merchandising the programme for record buyers but in fact some members of the cast have fine voices and render the rather simplistic but entertaining songs with finesse. Catherine Bach (alias Daisy Duke) being one of them. Great music for the car, just don't try imitating their driving behaviour.

Whatever else one can say about Frank Zappa, there is no doubt that his style is unique. His music and lyrics are frequently bawdy, sometimes humorous and always unpredictable. But I admit that it is a style that I like and so naturally I welcomed an opportunity to listen to his latest album entitled **Ship Arriving Too Late to Save a Drowning Witch** from Barking Pumpkin records (a division of CBS). As ever the songs on the album, *Teen-Age Prostitute, Valley Girl* and *No Not Now* for example, are strongly worded and deal with topics that don't normally appear in love songs. Don't be surprised if some of the music sounds like a girl approaching climax – it's meant to. Those of you who remember his earlier days with the Mothers of Invention will not be disappointed, this is typical Zappa material. Well worth listening to but you had better keep it away from the prudish girlfriend.

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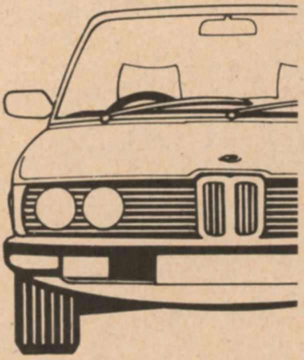

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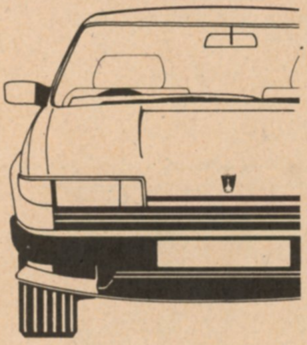

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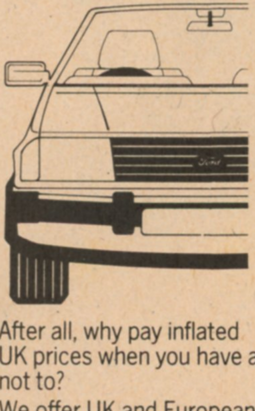

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EATING OUT

Brian O'Hanlon

I don't think one ever really *knows* The City and West End of London. I am forever discovering unusual, wining and dining establishments off the beaten track which have a regular custom, based on personal recommendation.

The Chiswell Vaults, *(97 Chiswell St, EC1, Tel: 01-588 5733)* were the cellars of Whitbreads Brewery until fairly recently. They would have lain dormant but for the fact that the directors had the notion to turn them into a subterranean wine bar/pub cum restaurant, opening Monday to Friday lunchtimes, and in the early evening. A long bar and a cold buffet counter confront the customer as he walks down from street level, and there are tables and chairs for diners off down a long passage to the right. For instant atmosphere it cannot be bettered, especially with that likeable pair from *The George* at Southwark, Christopher and 'Paddy' Burford, now in charge. Real Ales, from the wood, keg bitters and lagers are available as are a battery of inexpensive wines, including some good claret and burgundy. I can personally vouch for Mrs. Burford's steak and kidney pie, which is all meat and big enough to satisfy a front row forward after the match!

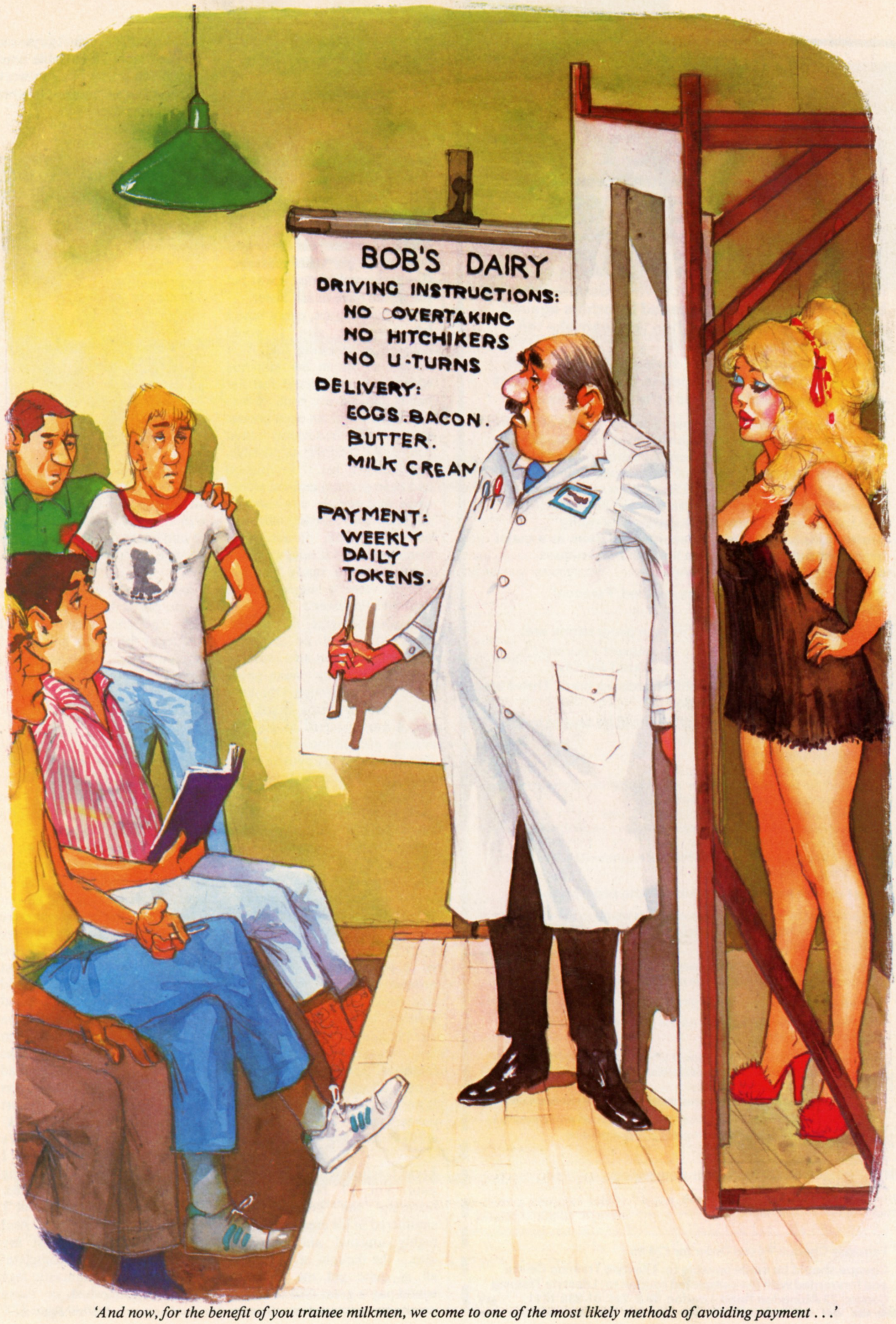
Several barrister friends have recommended a Chinese restaurant called **City Friends** *(34 Old Bailey, EC4, Tel: 01-248 5189)* and I therefore went and tried it although I wasn't particularly hungry. Once inside, however, I felt differently and I now know why it is so popular. The present owner TK Man, is the nephew of Charlie Chang who opened the place ten years ago before retiring to his native Hong Kong after a 50 year sojourn in England. The cuisine is 80 per cent Cantonese and 20 per cent Pekingese. The cost of a meal for two is around £16. The twofold reason for the name of the place is that wily old Charlie didn't want to frighten folk away by announcing it as Chinese, in the customary gilt over the door and they have many friends in The City. It has a big room, with a smaller, private, one in the far corner by the door for parties and receptions.

'No,' said my host, as I ordered, 'no noodles. Noodle bad for stomach!' and he made a horrible face, so I took the point, but up came *noodle* soup with crabmeat (£3.80), which was delicious and fired my appetite to try the owner's highly recommended chilli prawns (£5). Those were also delicious, and a most unusual combination. My sweet & sour pork ('Why, Englishmen always eat sweet sour?' queried my host) included a small amount of batter, but, oh! that sauce! I next dipped into the beef with ginger and spring onions (£5), and then attacked the delicately sliced and presented Peking duck. I completely forgot to order any wine, it was such a first class lunch. It had made an indifferent appetite hungry again. 'Please,' said Mr Man, 'come and inspect my kitchens, and tell your readers they are welcome to do so too.'

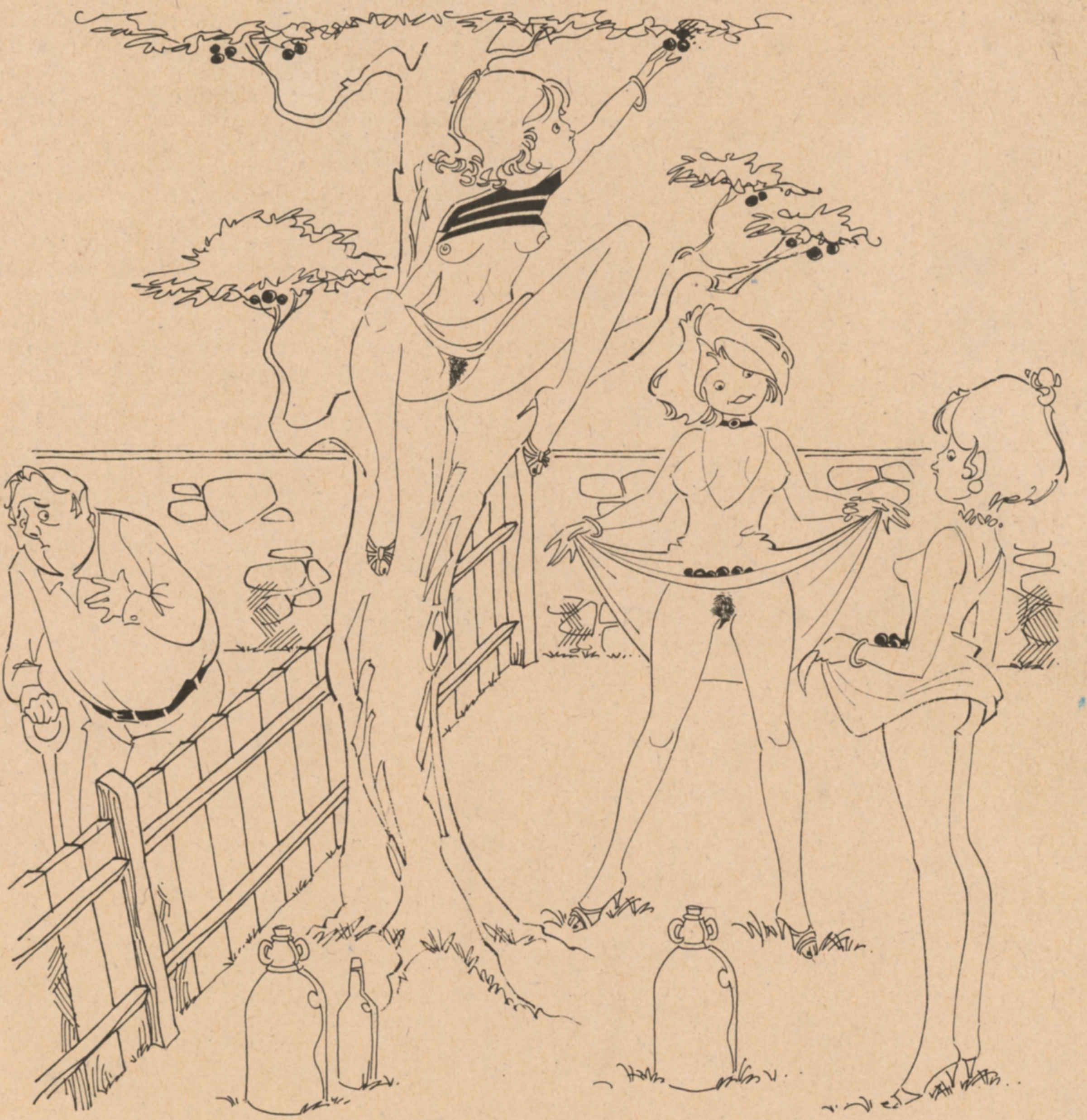
I keep on forgetting about **The Stafford Hotel,** *(St James's Place, SW1, Tel: 01-493 0111)* until I accidentaly blunder upon it. They do a handsome dejeuner and dinner for £10 (plus 15 per cent service and 15 per cent VAT) as well as a wide ranging á la carte menu. The restaurant and lounge retain much of their Edwardian elegance, especially with some expert redecoration of late. Eating is not cheap, but then would you really expect it to be? An ounce of caviar is £18, consomme £1.75, spaghetti £3.50, fish dishes £7.25-£7.50 with entrees and house specialities about the same. Carafe (house) wine is £6.60 for $\frac{3}{4}$-litre (£1.20 per large glass). The main card begins at £9.95 for Bordeaux, £11.50 for Burgundy, and the connoisseur can reach deep in his pocket, if he so wishes, and come up with £80 for a 1937 Cahors, or £146 for one bottled in 1880.

It's ideal as a place to meet before the theatre, or dine afterwards, if you have the time. It is also unbelievably quiet, more like a country house than a Central London hotel.

Prices may have altered since these restaurants were reviewed. Please enquire with the establishments if you are in any doubt.


BOB'S DAIRY
DRIVING INSTRUCTIONS:
NO OVERTAKING
NO HITCHIKERS
NO U-TURNS
DELIVERY:
EGGS. BACON.
BUTTER.
MILK CREA
PAYMENT:
WEEKLY
DAILY
TOKENS.

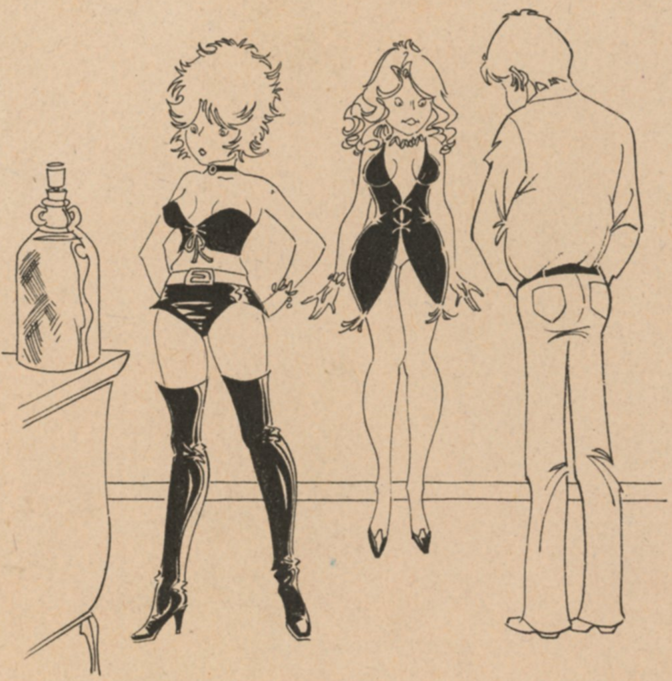
'And now, for the benefit of you trainee milkmen, we come to one of the most likely methods of avoiding payment . . .'



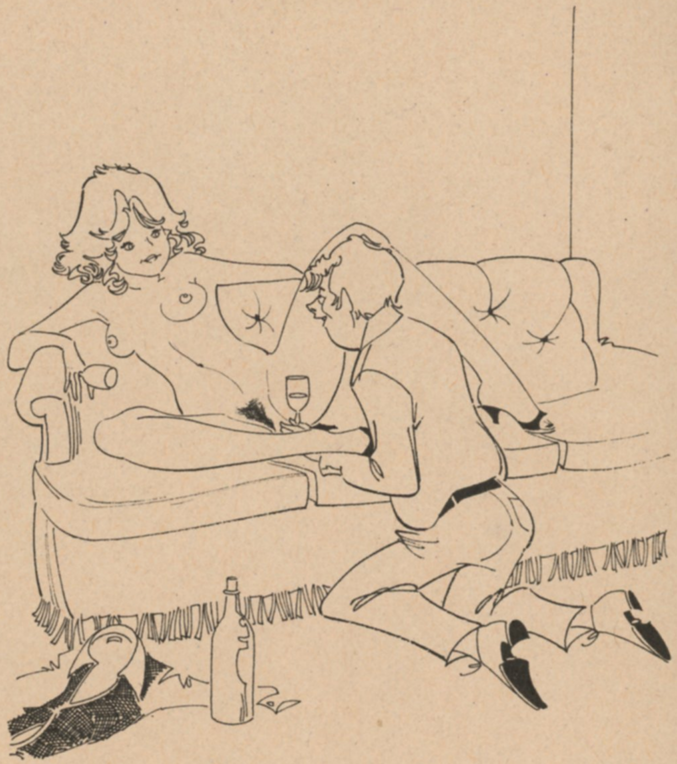
'If you want a sweet one, Samantha has the juiciest.'

FERMENTING RELATIONSHIPS

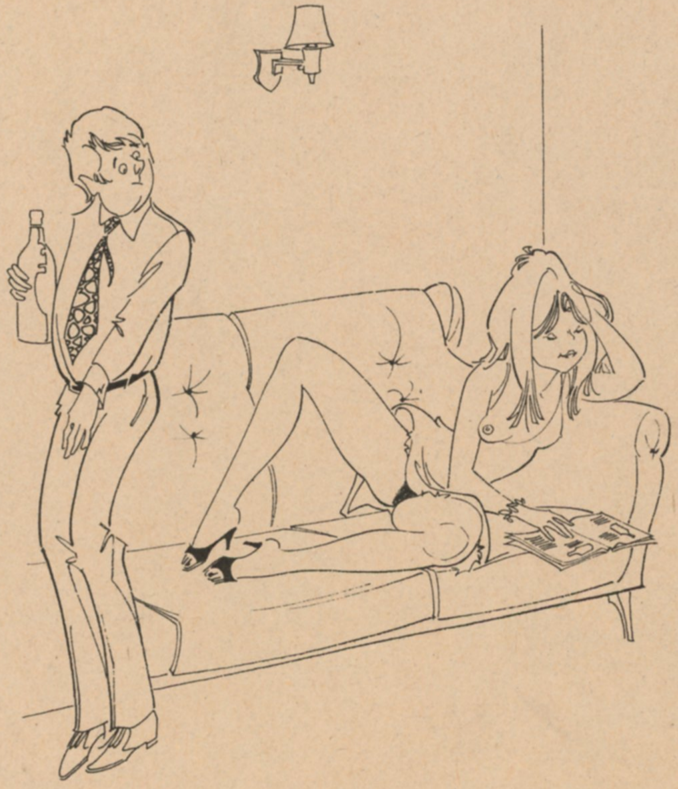
Cartoonist Paul White takes a look at home wine-making and discovers that even the finest vintage, like sex, is best laid down



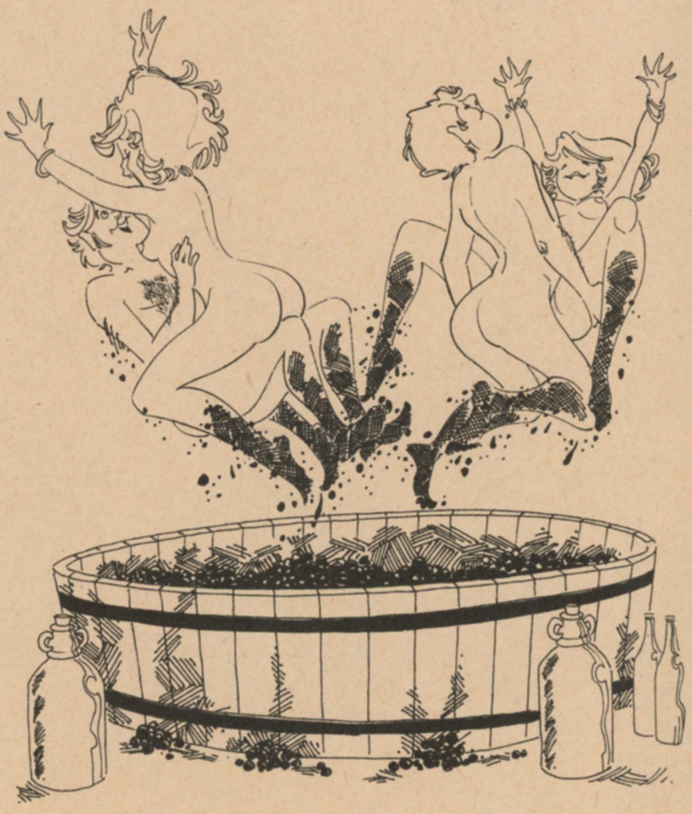
'It looks a little too thick for my liking.'



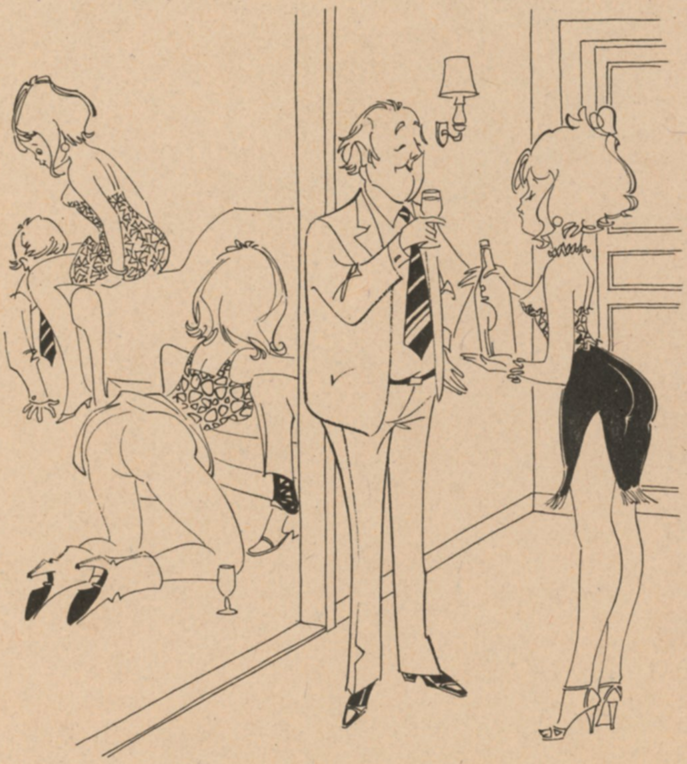
'Excellent, even if a trifle dry at first...'



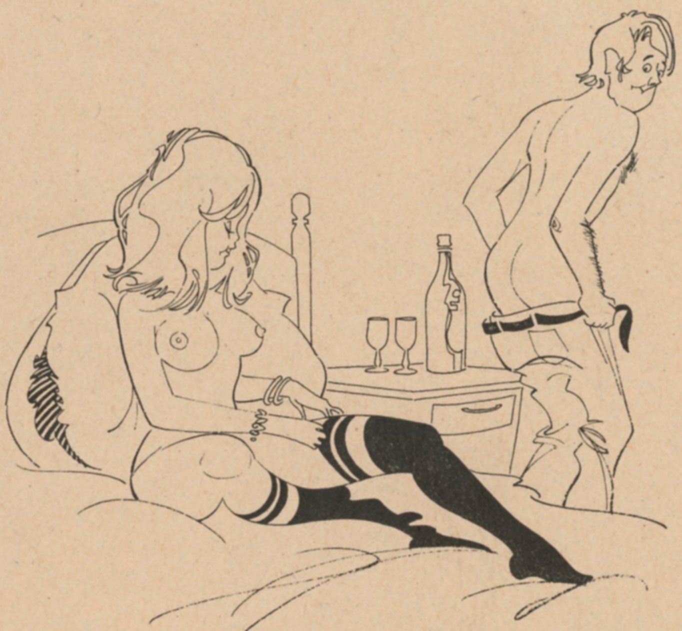
'The bottles should be stored on their sides since the cork swells up when in contact with the wine.'



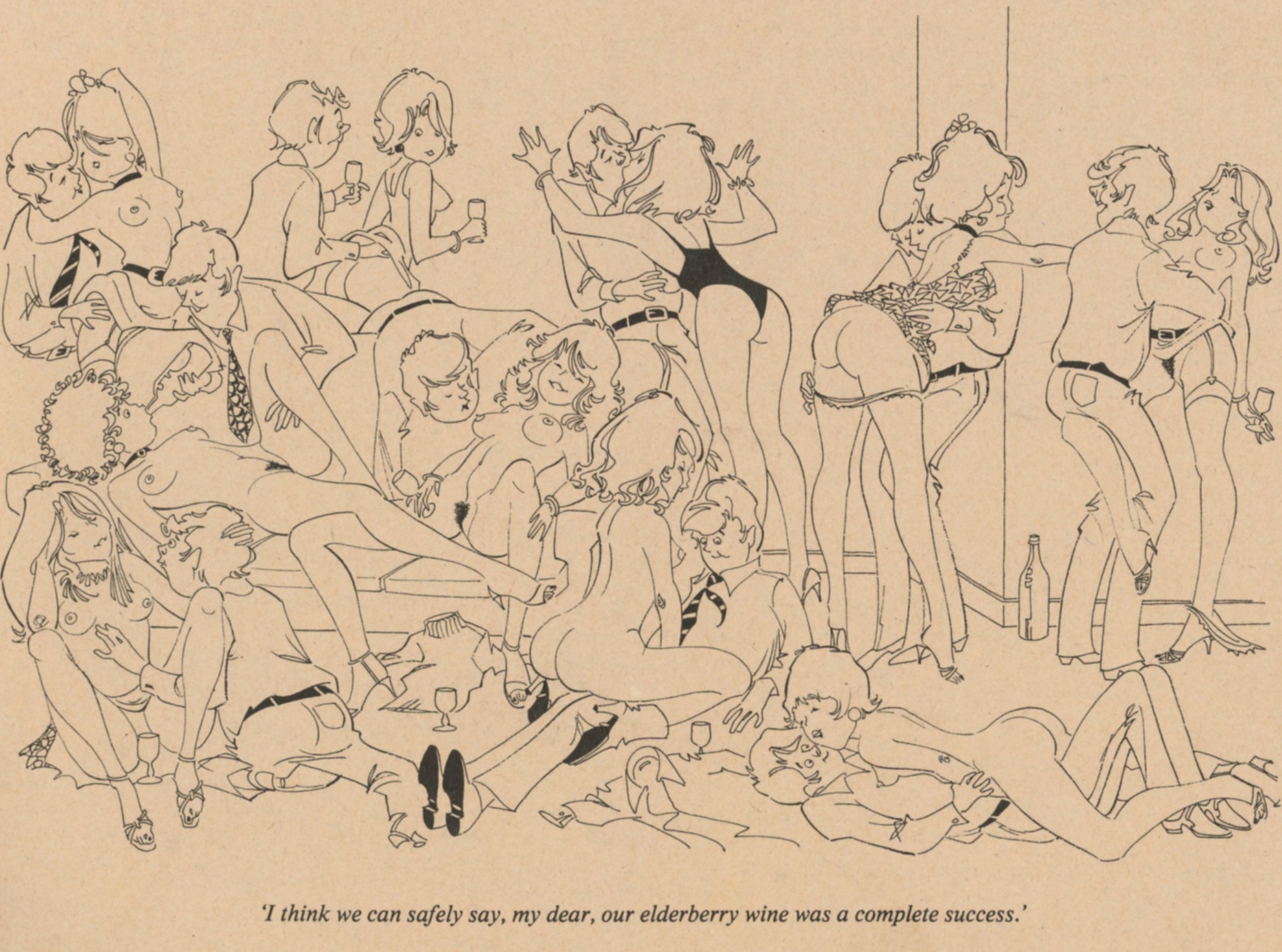
'Like I always say, whatever you do, have fun doing it.'



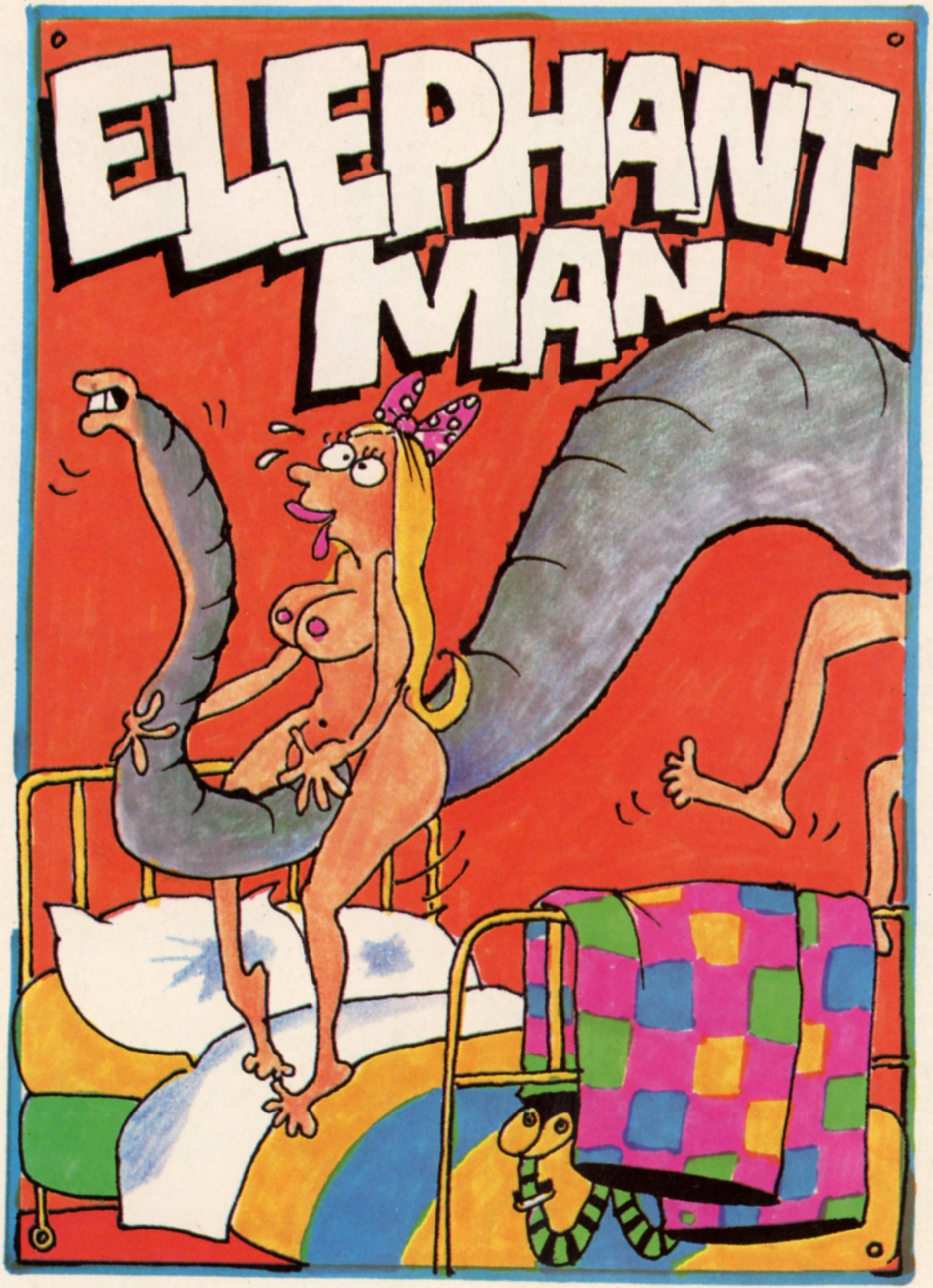
'Unassuming but not objectionable on the tongue, this could be interesting.'



'There, now wasn't my home-made wine better than a night swilling down real ale?'

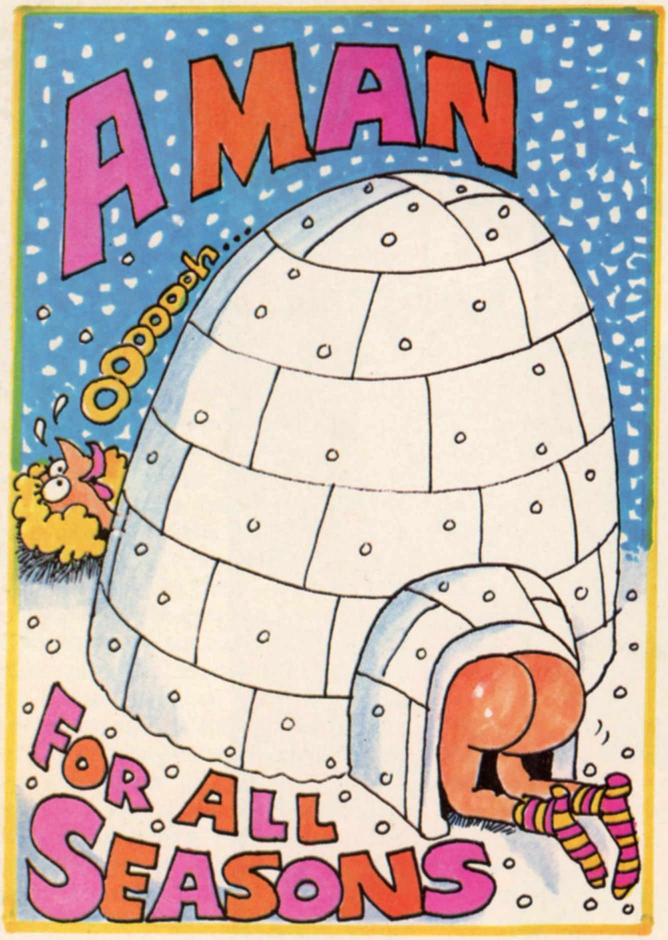


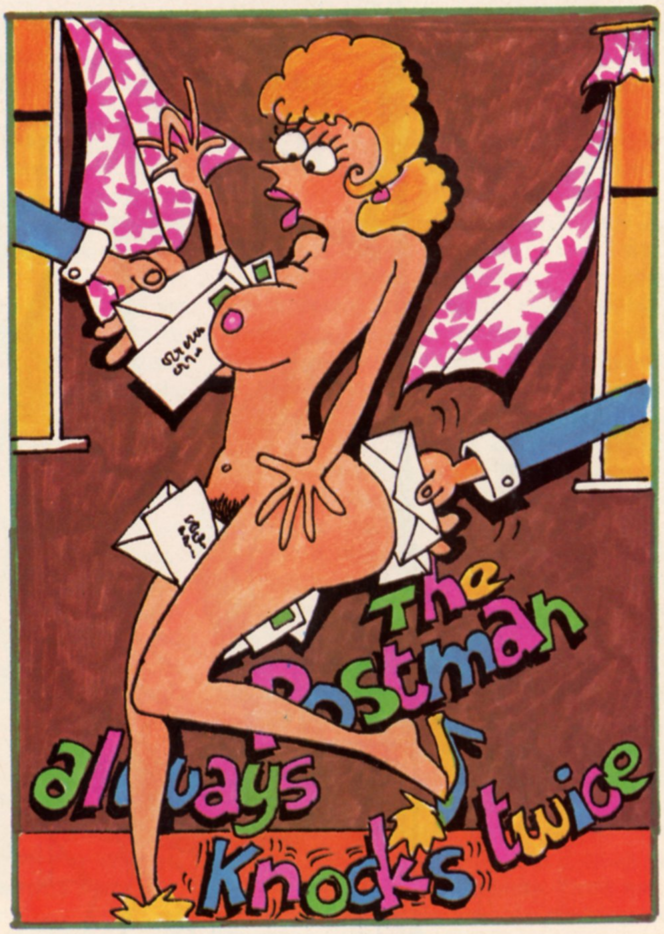
'I think we can safely say, my dear, our elderberry wine was a complete success.'

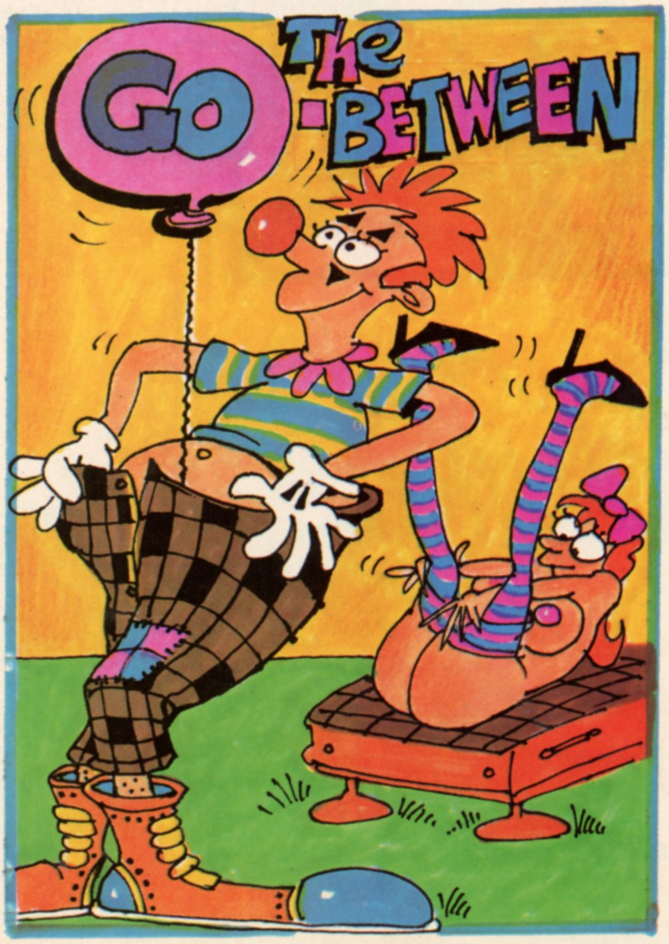


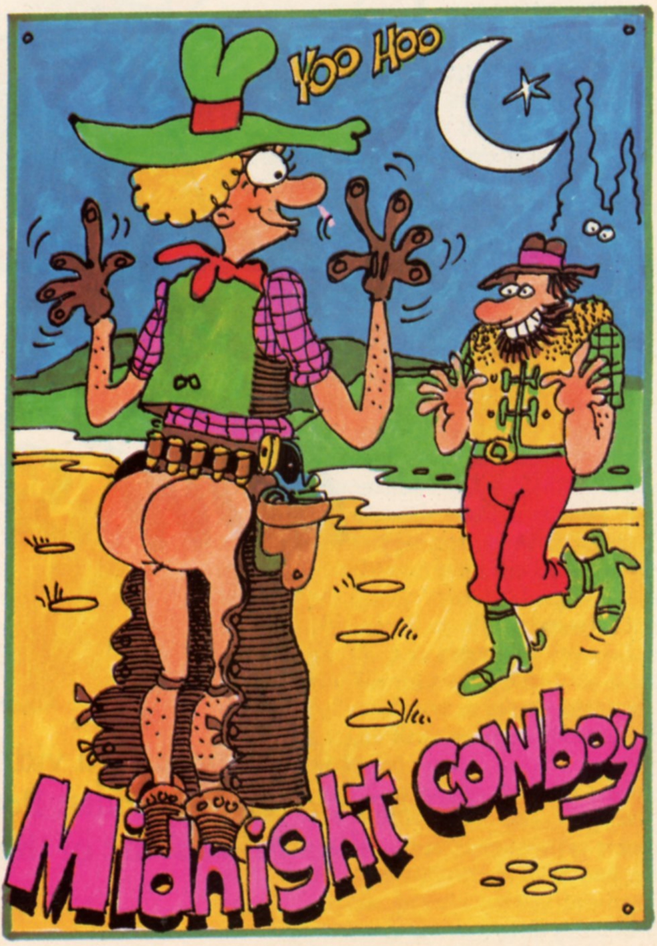
NOW SHOWING...

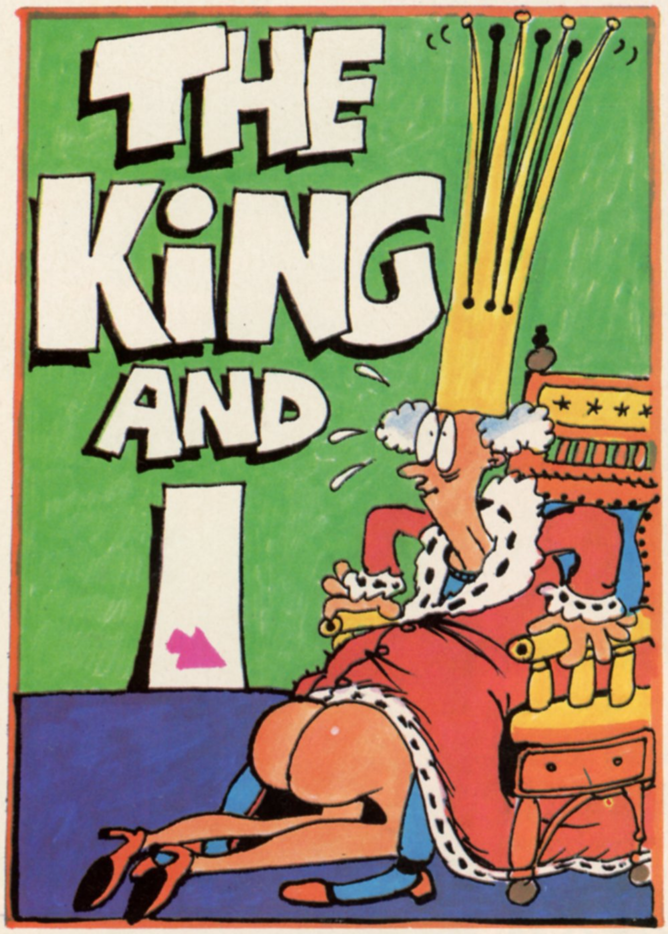
To compete with video, film posters need more sex appeal. So cartoonist Peter Maddocks has borrowed and illustrated some of the most successful film titles

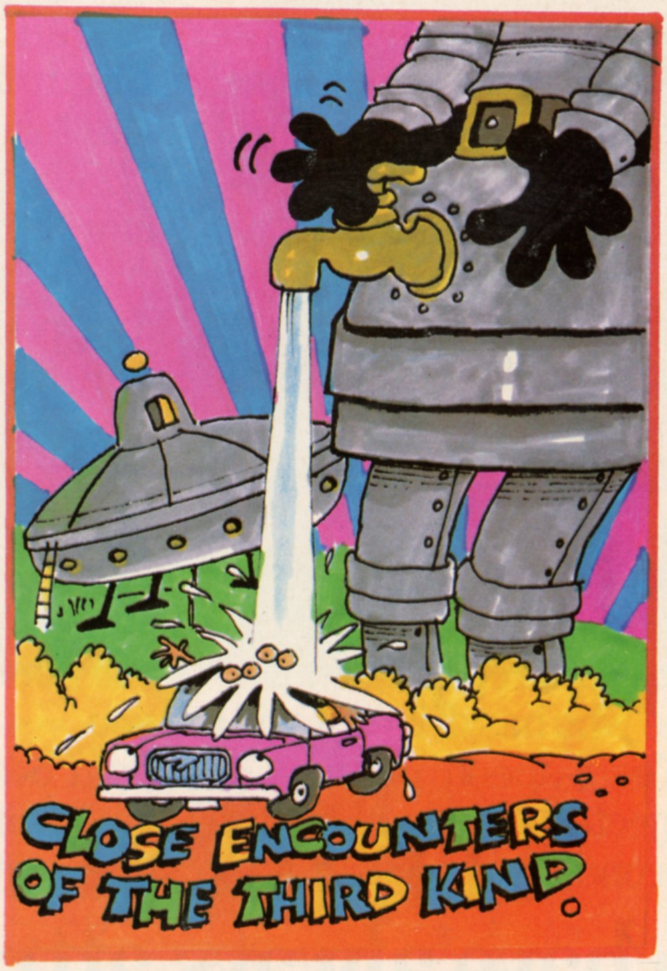

A MAN
Ooooooh...
FOR ALL SEASONS

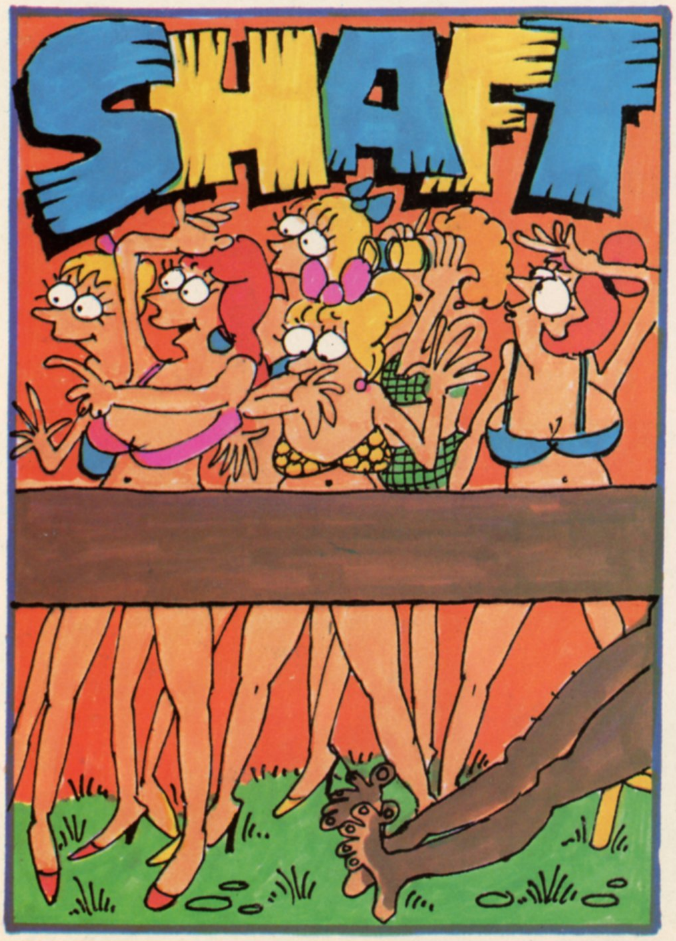

The Postman always Knocks twice

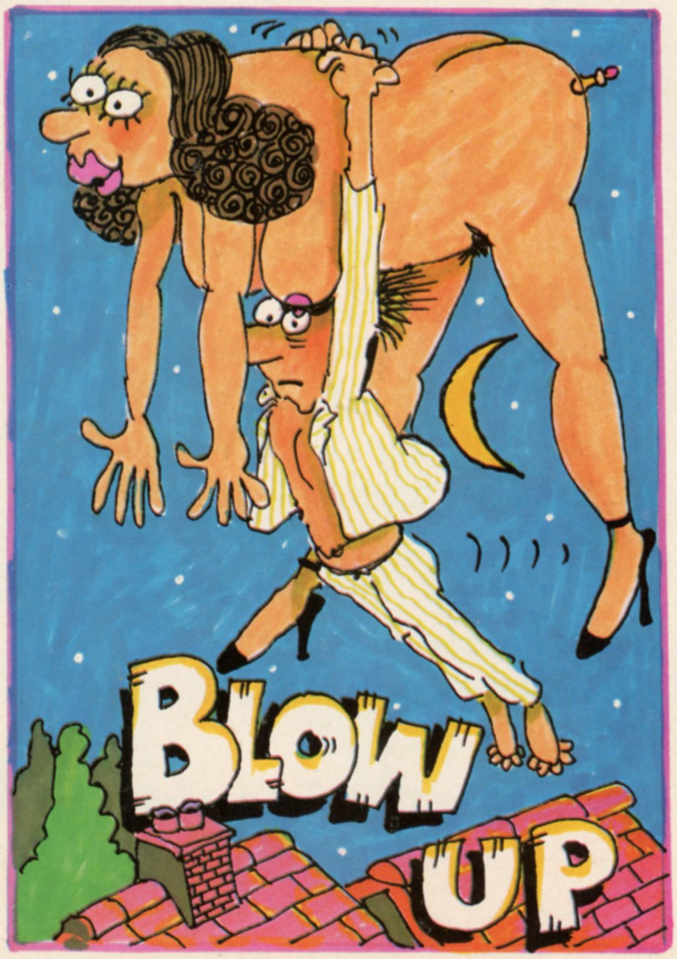

The GO-BETWEEN


YOO HOO
Midnight cowboy


THE KiNG AND I


CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND.

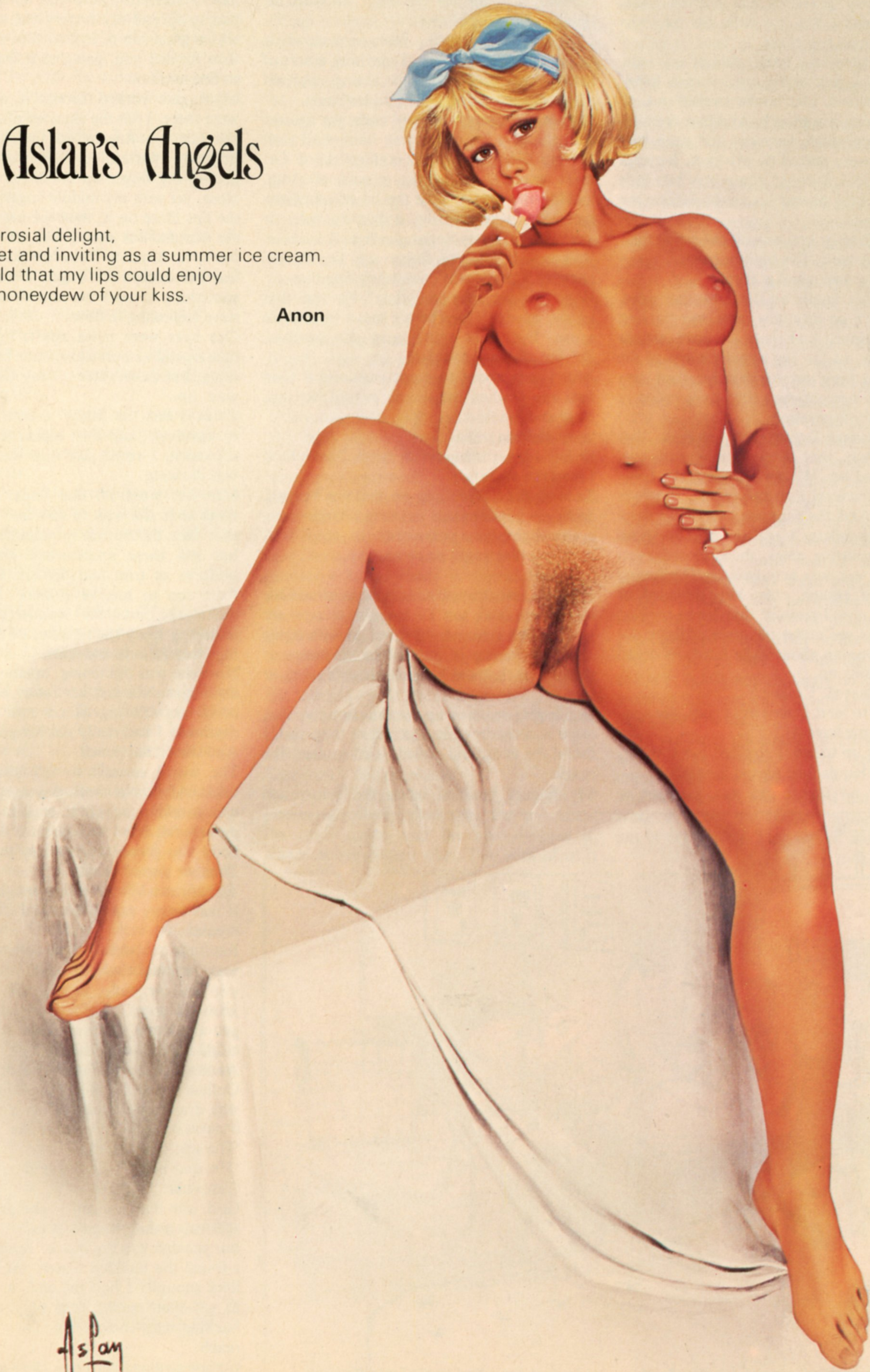

SHAFT


BLOW UP

Aslan's Angels

Ambrosial delight,
Sweet and inviting as a summer ice cream.
Would that my lips could enjoy
The honeydew of your kiss.

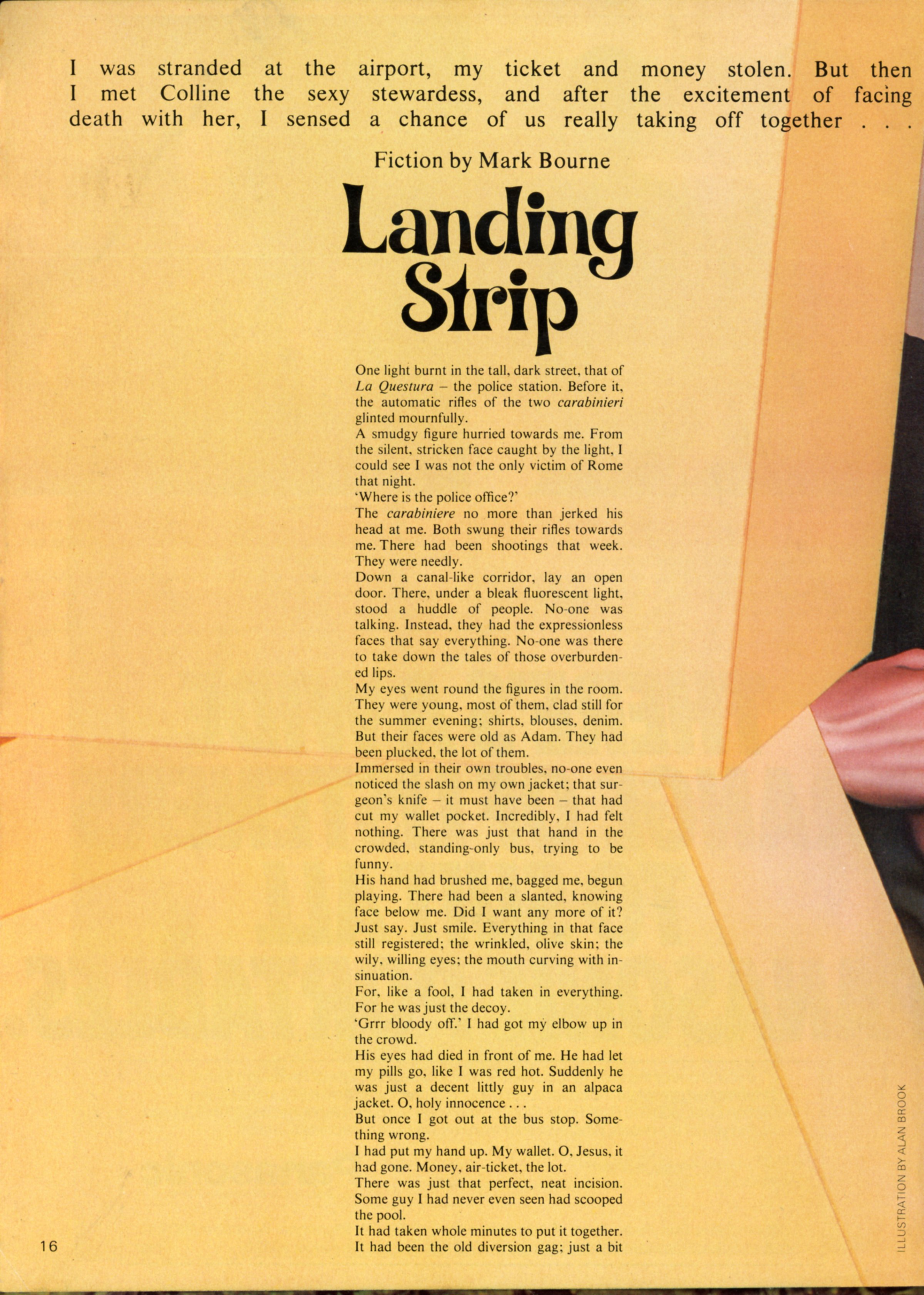
Anon



I was stranded at the airport, my ticket and money stolen. But then I met Colline the sexy stewardess, and after the excitement of facing death with her, I sensed a chance of us really taking off together . . .

Fiction by Mark Bourne

Landing Strip



One light burnt in the tall, dark street, that of *La Questura* – the police station. Before it, the automatic rifles of the two *carabinieri* glinted mournfully.

A smudgy figure hurried towards me. From the silent, stricken face caught by the light, I could see I was not the only victim of Rome that night.

'Where is the police office?'

The *carabiniere* no more than jerked his head at me. Both swung their rifles towards me. There had been shootings that week. They were needly.

Down a canal-like corridor, lay an open door. There, under a bleak fluorescent light, stood a huddle of people. No-one was talking. Instead, they had the expressionless faces that say everything. No-one was there to take down the tales of those overburdened lips.

My eyes went round the figures in the room. They were young, most of them, clad still for the summer evening; shirts, blouses, denim. But their faces were old as Adam. They had been plucked, the lot of them.

Immersed in their own troubles, no-one even noticed the slash on my own jacket; that surgeon's knife – it must have been – that had cut my wallet pocket. Incredibly, I had felt nothing. There was just that hand in the crowded, standing-only bus, trying to be funny.

His hand had brushed me, bagged me, begun playing. There had been a slanted, knowing face below me. Did I want any more of it? Just say. Just smile. Everything in that face still registered; the wrinkled, olive skin; the wily, willing eyes; the mouth curving with insinuation.

For, like a fool, I had taken in everything. For he was just the decoy.

'Grrr bloody off.' I had got my elbow up in the crowd.

His eyes had died in front of me. He had let my pills go, like I was red hot. Suddenly he was just a decent littly guy in an alpaca jacket. O, holy innocence . . .

But once I got out at the bus stop. Something wrong.

I had put my hand up. My wallet. O, Jesus, it had gone. Money, air-ticket, the lot.

There was just that perfect, neat incision. Some guy I had never even seen had scooped the pool.

It had taken whole minutes to put it together. It had been the old diversion gag; just a bit

ILLUSTRATION BY ALAN BROOK

nearer the bone, this time, at my expense.

There I had stood, while people poured around me; the hurrying shoulders of indifferent Rome. I had just a few coins.

So this was to be my last evening out with Gianna? I could see her standing there, that art-nouveau figure in the bedroom, as I eased it out of the slip; those handsome pods, pendulous for gathering; the tiny apron of her hair; and in its shadows, it . . .

Shut up.

Before me now, were these faces under the unsparing light of *La Questura.*

God knows how long we stood there, for no-one came. Not that we'd get a button back. But we had to get the police report. Like that, months later, we might even get something back on the insurance.

It was only when the silence crept over the groundswell of our voices, that I looked up. A figure stood by the door. He was a young, well-built man dressed in an old sweater and dangling slacks. The face was sensitive, handsome, with planes of light hardening its insolence. Only when, one by one, our voices fell still, did the smile slowly, coldly dawn.

'I am a police official,' he announced baldly.

Chaos erupted. In a moment we had surrounded him, and were all talking, in a dozen languages at once.

His arms folded; his eyes hardened. The smile set on his face like an ingot. 'If it is going to be a bear-garden,' he said in almost perfect English, 'then I shall see no-one.'

Our stories died in our mouths.

'Well, make up your minds. Who is the first?'

We hesitated. I edged a girl forward. She had, I knew, lost everything. The old cab trick at the railway station. The helpful litter porter puts all your bags in the boot with a convincing slam. When you get to the hotel, the taxi boot is empty.

He was not to return for another hour.

And when he did, there he stood, untidier even than before; and his face condensed into an awful smile of pleasure.

'Listen, I am going outside on duty. I might be back in a couple of hours. But then I might not. Whether you decide to wait for me to come back, is entirely up to you. You understand?'

For just one moment he surveyed our consternation. Then, not disguising his delight at our discomfiture, he turned on his heel, and out he soared.

We all started talking at once; in Italian, German, English, French, Arabic. If words could have counted, *La Questura* would have blown up.

Some were already preparing to go; others starting to settle down on the floor for the night. I hesitated. To go? Or to stop?

Would I wait for that little bastard, who in the end might never turn up? Yet Rome without money is Rome stark-naked.

But, to hell. It wasn't in me to wait in that infernal hole. I'd had enough. I'd bluff it out at the airport somehow, and try to beat it home. It was a mad thought. But it was better than being there.

And I wasn't alone. Three or four others followed me out. We gave out a grunt or two, barely a goodbye, then suddenly we were each of us on our own.

Out of the darkness of *La Questura* jerked the snout of an automatic rifle.

'Andate via.'

Get out.

It was Rome's farewell to the robbed, the penniless, the foolish.

I had hitched it to the airport. And there I was, no plans in my head; just the burning desire to get the hell out.

'Un Cappuccino.' I sipped the coffee with my last 500 lire.

It was late and few were about.

I closed my eyes and drank.

And when my eyes opened, there she was. She was seated just below my bar stool, at the table, in the crisp garb of the air-hostess. She was calm, British, motionless. She seemed so utterly cool after the fever of Rome.

I found myself surveying her, my own plight forgotten. I took in the well-filled tunic, the broadening and tightening of the skirt above the knee. Just for a moment, I was reborn again. The serenity and beauty of England, of home, faced me.

Suddenly she moved and felt in her bag.

'Cigarette?' I hopped down. That, at least, had been left me.

For the first time she seemed to notice me.

'Thanks.' The eyes blinked, then gazed back, cool, interpretive. I could now see the windswept cheeks, the neat, pinned-back ears and the perfectly defined mouth. Her face flared into a cold beauty as I held up the lighter.

'Mind if I join you?'

There was a serpent of smoke as she shook her head. We surveyed one another in silence. At that hour words took finding.

'Missed your flight' she said at last.

'Huh, kind of.'

'Well, there's nothing out till morning. We're flying back empty.'

'Where to?'

'Gatwick.'

I breathed out long and low. 'Gatwick? And you're running empty?'

'Yes, that's just about it.' Her eyes flicked over me. 'You're not ... you're not hitching?' A shimmer of slight amusement came to her eyes.

'That's just about it. That is, if you're going.'

'Huh. huh . . .' She chuckled quietly, subterraneously. 'So that's it. I thought something was up, somehow. Well, what happened?' Her eyes were cool, yet in the tilt of her head you could catch the curiosity.

'Well, since you asked – I got lifted tonight. The lot.'

'Poor you,' she stubbed her cigarette out. 'So you've got to go the rounds – the Consulate and all that bore.'

'Unless . . .' My eyes met hers.

Until then strangers, we were suddenly joined by understanding. For one moment her thought was mine; and mine hers.

Then abruptly she shook herself. 'Sorry, and all that. I know it's a hell of a job. And did you know – it's Sunday, and everything will be closed. O, to save you that, I'd do it, yes. But it isn't up to me. There's ticket control, customs, passports. I'd never get you through. 'Awfully sorry.' And as she rose, suddenly she dropped a hand and ran light fingers over mine, in unspoken, breathless understanding.

This was farewell; to her; to everything. All that now awaited me was the magnificent over-organisation of bureaucratic Rome; and heaven help me.

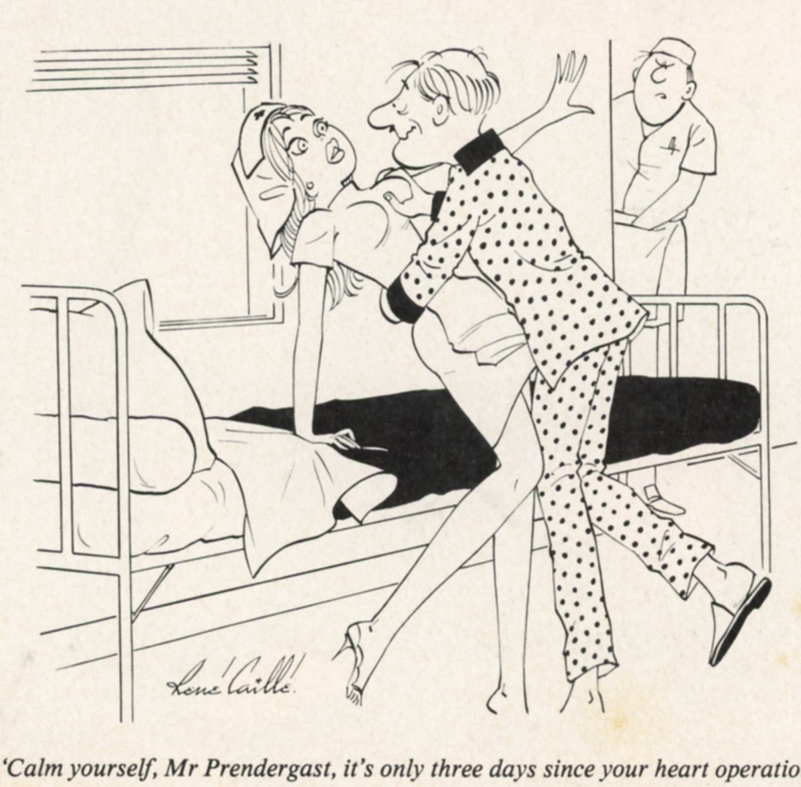
Once again I was back in my thoughts, so that I hardly saw her go.

The shot rang out, almost unreal. The whole airport seemed to stop. Then the silence came rushing in. Abruptly the Tannoy crackled out.

'Vuol tutto star seduto. Vuol tutto star seduto.'

'Will everyone remain seated.' Take cover, more likely. Then all the lights went out,

turn to page 35



'Calm yourself, Mr Prendergast, it's only three days since your heart operation.'

Landing strip

continued from page 18

leaving us in darkness.

I found myself against the nearest wall. There was a confusion of noise. Then quite unmistakably two shots barked down the corridor, much closer.

I felt along the wall for cover. I seemed to remember a doorway somewhere, but I wasn't sure where.

My hand stopped midair. I had found it. I groped and suddenly my hand touched something. It was soft, warm, trembling. It was a shoulder.

'Careful, it's me. Colline.'

It was she, the air-hostess, tucked into the cover of the doorway. For a moment my hand brushed her. I could feel the fullness of the jacket.

'This bloody door. Where's the handle?'

'It's locked. I've tried.'

'Better run for it then, Colline.' My grip ran down the tunic'd arms and found her hands. But it was too late.

Ahead, there was a sound of running in the darkness. Then came the tiny, intense gem of a gun-flash. The shot rocked down the corridor past us.

We shrunk back into the doorway. I bound the girl's form closer to me with my hands. Our hearts thudded out together. But she was not trembling.

Then another shot rang out.

'Closer. They're firing back.'

With my chin I could feel the tilt of her hat. Her breasts weighed on my hands. It all felt, meant nothing. Death seemed a lot closer to us both now.

Now we could only crouch back, as the dark splintered before us, flash following flash. The air itself seemed to shatter. The dark was alive around us, the sound hideously magnified by the stone walls.

Then there was a hollow silence; just the sound of someone moaning. The awful cavalcade, whatever it had been, seemed to be passing, leaving its trail of death.

The awareness of Colline's body against mine returned to me. Her scent came up, like spring, after the oppressiveness.

I released her. The shots were now much fainter. I could feel her tiny shudder of relief.

'Very well, then.' Her face lit before my eyes, clear as a cameo.

'Thanks. Near thing. Mind you, I could sense it in Rome today. You know, all the tension building. Well, there's our flight schedules gone for a bit. She rested her head against the doorway.

'Colline.'

'Well?'

'That aircraft of yours out there . . .'

'Yes?'

'I've been thinking. You know, in the confusion, the darkness . . .'

My words were interrupted by the tiniest tinkle of laughter. 'You . . . you were going to say . . . you might make it?'

'Yes.'

Her laugh rippled through the darkness.

'Well, Colline, how about it? Is it worth a chance?'

'You win, you cuss.'

The aircraft blazed out bright and empty on the runway. No-one else had reported. The terminal buildings were still a wall of darkness.

The gangway was down. In seconds we had made it.

'Keep down in the back of the cabin. No-one will come up aft. That is, when anyone reports. And heaven knows when we'll get a flight path now.'

My eyes hung on her. I wondered when I would see that form again, for all that we had shared.

As if reading me, hew own face shrank in a glimmer of understanding.

'Someone coming.'

I crouched back in my seat. Colline, putting on a smile, returned to the front. I could hear voices and laughter. And then I could hear a Bowser grinding up.

Through the porthole, the terminal lights suddently came on. The life of the airport was returning to normal.

Shortly after, the aircraft itself began throbbing. Were we to be lucky? Were we to be given the off?

'Cabin crew belt up for take-off.'

The terse words came over the inter-com. Then the aircraft shook into movement. In moments we were off.

Yes, I raised my eyes to the porthole – we were climbing. And there Rome, inescapable Rome, lay below me; a mere shimmer of lights now, like stars in a pond.

Somehow I had made it. Somehow I had beaten Rome in its own harsh terms.

Perhaps I dropped off, but awakened to see Colline's blue eyes glimmering down under the tilted hat.

'Ssh . . . they're sleeping it off a bit, up fore. But thought you'd like to know. It came over just now, that business in Rome. It was a shoot-up. Red Brigade, probably. Two escaped, one hurt.'

'One hurt? You're joking.'

'Look, we'll soon be landing. Thought I'd just say goodbye and all that.' For a moment the smile came, and the eyes seemed to waver above the set chin. For both of us it was an emotional moment.

'Ssh, sit down, you fool. And let go.'

Involuntarily I had grasped the small hand possessively, gratefully.

'Alright, when I've kissed you goodbye.' The feeling of relief, of gratitude, swept over me. I gazed at the figure about to go forever. I clung onto her hand with a sense of possession.

Colline stooped and put her immaculate face before me. 'Quick. A little one, then.'

'O, God, Colline.'

Our lips met, broke, and then returned; and held. In one moment, all the pent-up feelings of the night seemed to overwhelm us both. Her face lay before me in its scented whiteness. And the feeling rose in me, unstoppable. Suddenly I wanted the lot – everything. That perfumed cheek against mine, that fall of her body before me . . . I felt the sweep of sex rise through me.

Perhaps she felt the same. For those glimmering eyes before me were arrested in a sudden instant of understanding.

'Will the cabin crew belt up for landing?' The voice on the inter-com shattered everything.

'There, see.' Colline had broken free. The moment had gone. She shook her hair back, her face now cold with reality.

'Colline.' My hand was still on hers.

'Don't be silly. We can't. We're landing.'

We can't? My heart soared at the very possibility. God, was there a chance, then? God, would she really have done it, here and now, this perfect piece of packaging? My grip tightened possessively on her wrist.

'No . . . no . . . no . . .' With her free hand, she beat lightly and chidingly on my cheek. I grabbed that arm more tightly and pulled her down towards me.

Then suddenly the aircraft lurched. We were already descending. And seizing her moment, Colline broke free.

She turned, and had twisted out of reach, when abruptly the bottom seemed to drop out of everything. The aircraft juddered and

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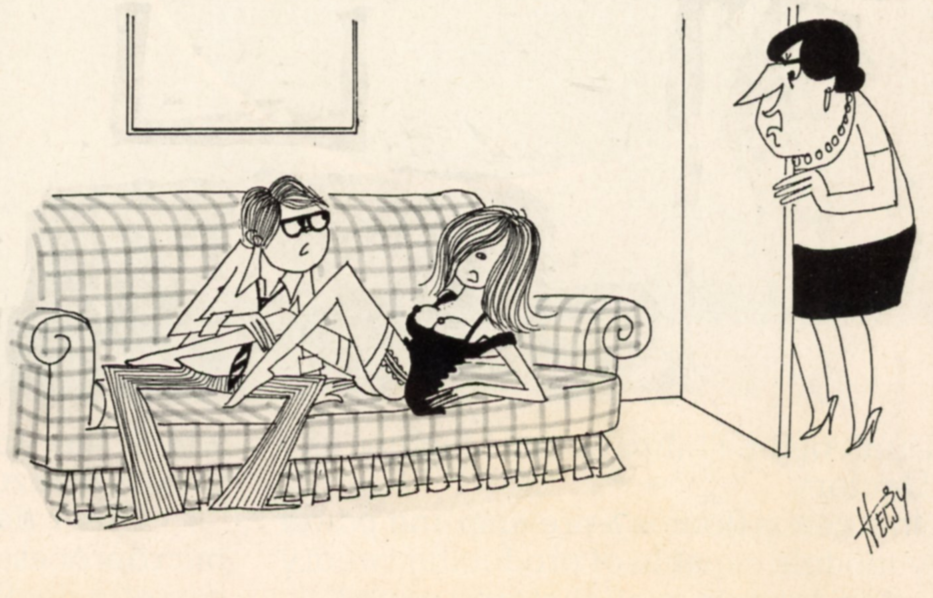

'Petula, aren't you ashamed at looking so dishevelled in front of your boyfriend!'

Landing strip

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tried to bank. The floor tilted steep as a roof, and suddenly gravity came roaring back. Colline, hands out to save herself, was dashed right on top of me.

Her arms were taut either side of my face. Her features, just above me, were a handsome figurehead. Her boobs swelled out, almost touching my mouth. And in a dreadful muddle underneath, her skirt had risen, and her thighs were parted by my knee. Beneath skirt, petticoat, I could glimpse a flat, little tummy, tightly bound ... right before my dick, O, God.

Colline, willing or not, was all but riding me.

'Colline,' I grated, 'I've bloody got to.'

'No. No.' the face awoke; shrank.

I had got my hands on those beating sides. She couldn't do anything. She was fighting for her balance. And there she was, astride me, so near, so far. for at each surge of the aircraft, we were thrown together; and then apart. And it might even then have ended in some ghastly frustration.

But that strange feeling from the floor, that weightlessness, that effervescence must, too, have entered her. We were victims of a force beyond ourselves. For before me, the eyes had shut. And the face was suddenly dead and expressionless. I realised that in those raised, unresisting arms, those closed eyes, that dumbness, was acquiesence. The feeling of relief, of escape, must have invaded us both. And now I realised that I was looking at what few see under the glare of light; the face of a woman about to be filled; its dread and yet its longing.

'Colline,' I hissed. 'Colline.'

There, face to face, across my knees, she was going to let me have it.

Now it was up to me. I shuffled her squarer on and, my hands free, parted her thighs.

There was no resistance; just, perhaps a sigh. The skirt was already up. And as I pulled it up higher, it stayed there, drawn and tight. I brushed the petticoat back. And suddenly I could feel the thigh, all bare, no tights or stockings there.

I felt up the broadening flesh, until slowly it began to taper in again. There was a sort of instep, the way she was sitting, beyond which the secrets of a girl's pudor begin.

My fingers dropped. They came up against something; a bit of pouting hair. And then ... my God, there was nothing there. Or, more exactly, there was a wall of cloth, locking the lot up, save the bit of rebellious hair. She was wearing a bloody belt, or something. It was nothing soft as a knicker. You couldn't get a finger up. O, blessed chastity. Colline was completely fitted up.

Was this the joke-line, then? For on that lovely, deadpan face before me, a faint smile arose. Eyes still shut, there she perched, defying all that I could do.

And I was about to curse out loud – God help me – when the words passed her lips, clear and low.

'Silly, they're snibs.'

Snibs? I breathed out with relief. Thank God I read the adverts.

Snibs – the latest thing on the Via Venuto. Snibs – skin-tight, intimate, virgin-sure, svelte, light; yet guaranteed to stop dead anything that might be coming up.

So what?

High up, on the waist, is a little bow. One lucky pull and lo ... a girl's secrets are undone like a parcel. All that fuss with tights or unknickering is out. When it comes to things like that the Italians know a thing or two.

My fingers reached up the taut tummy. Yes, there was the bow. It was just as they said. I found the ends, and pulled. It all worked like magic.

My fingers brushed aside the snibs, and delved towards the lucky dip. The splendid thighs were narrowing again, when I came up against it; the matted thickness of her hair. I paused. There was so much of it. I had to spread my fingers out to feel. There was a great bib of it, that first shocked you, then thrilled you, going as it did with a face so fine and fair.

My fingers worked through it, and then they were there. I felt the shudder of reluctance as she felt my fingers on the lips. She was perfectly parted, but the difficulty was getting my finger up under her. She was so close, yet with my middle finger I did it. I felt the lips close on it; then the nervous swell of the button. But now I was there, and could worry it. A quiver from her, and then I could feel her accept the finger. I was giving her something to work on, and already the juices were beginning to flow.

Our eyes were miles apart; hers shut in a face as still as porcelain; mine blind to everything. But down there ... my God, my finger was up.

I could feel the fanny accept, hesitate, try to withdraw; and then repeat the motion. In a motion, I could feel that the whole quim was drawing.

I let her work on that finger high up. To think that she was so raw and animal, with that face before me immaculate, that tilted hat still there undisturbed and chic, that uniform so trim and perfect. She was clad from top to toe, save there. It seemed to make the moment wonderful, awesome, sweeping away the tensions of the past evenings frustrations and fears.

Now she was tightening, opening, closing on my finger. Not just her fanny but her whole body was drawing. Her breath was low and rhythmic. I had really got her going.

And then it happened.

The world seemed to fall away; then hit back. After a smooth passage, the aircraft was lurching again. It was so violent that parcels fell from somewhere. And Colline's body was jerked away; only to crash back. Then we parted again.

Already my left hand had unzipped my dick. It was heavy ready. I knew I'd have to have it quick.

But now ... well, I was coming. But there was nothing there. Colline was wrenched into mid-air, only, despite her outstretched arms, to crash back too violently for me to get anywhere. In the rough and tumble, I could only shoot in the air.

As her body rose, face averted, eyes closed, Colline's nostrils were quivering. Her skin was drawn and white. Then through all the frustration, suddenly she spoke.

'The seat-belt, darling.'

'The seat-belt?' I didn't get it.

'Try, dear. Try.'

God, she didn't mean – she couldn't – the seat-belt round the two of us?

But she did. 'Go on, quick,' she hissed.

I found the buckles. Surely the thing wasn't long enough? I had the ends now, and tried to get them round, not only me, but that bucking waist before me. They would never reach.

Colline strained her body close against me.

Then the aircraft threw her back. She

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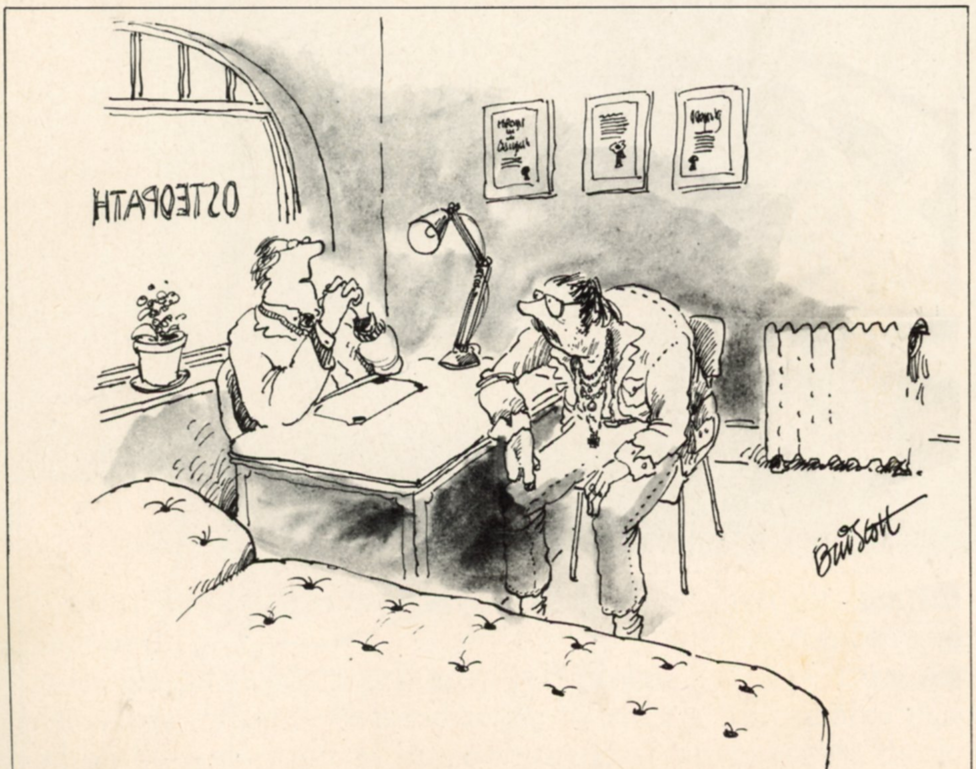

'There's nothing wrong with your back ... you've just got a bad case of middle-aged medallions ...'

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Landing strip

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bounced close again, and at the very moment stuck her tummy out, forced out her seat and strained in her waist.

My arms fought round her back. Metal buckle grated on metal.

Then magically, incredibly, there was a click. The impossible had happened. With my sleight of hand, and Colline's wonderful elasticity of figure, we had made it. I had captured Colline by that tiny waist. We were belted face to face together. By a single inch of belt we had done it. Her seat swelled back; her boobs belled out in front. But whatever the aircraft tried to do ... whatever she might try to do herself ... she was going to have it.

At the next bump, her seat rose like a mountain. And the weight of her tits plunged back on me in a wave of flesh. But the waist – it held. The tum to be filled was right above me, perfectly placed and still, though all the rest of her body rose and fell.

The thighs were completely parted. She was riding high, nothing between us. My dick could home unaided. Already I could feel it nose the hair. Then the lips were accepting it. I was in. It was a lovely position, once I was up, tight and a bit tilted. After all, resistance is needed in a woman.

Now I could feel the split beating, holding, letting go; working. It was working perfectly like a machine. I had really got her going.

Now I tried to clutch at what had been denied me; those boobs so close and heavy, yet unseen. I wanted to feel their weight, their pride, before the filling.

I never got very far. I opened the tunic and got a couple of buttons undone on the blouse. But the aircraft threw us about. You had to hang on.

I could just glimpse the bra, and the nipples inside alive, red-hot, straining against the cups that housed them.

And then we crashed together; and then apart.

And at the next parting of our bodies in the air, I let her have it. It was terrific. I felt the fanny giving, refusing, pulsing. And as her body soared away again, my dick burst like a gun in her. I filled her high up.

Now the bound body was groaning. The head fell back. Before me, the face was waxen.

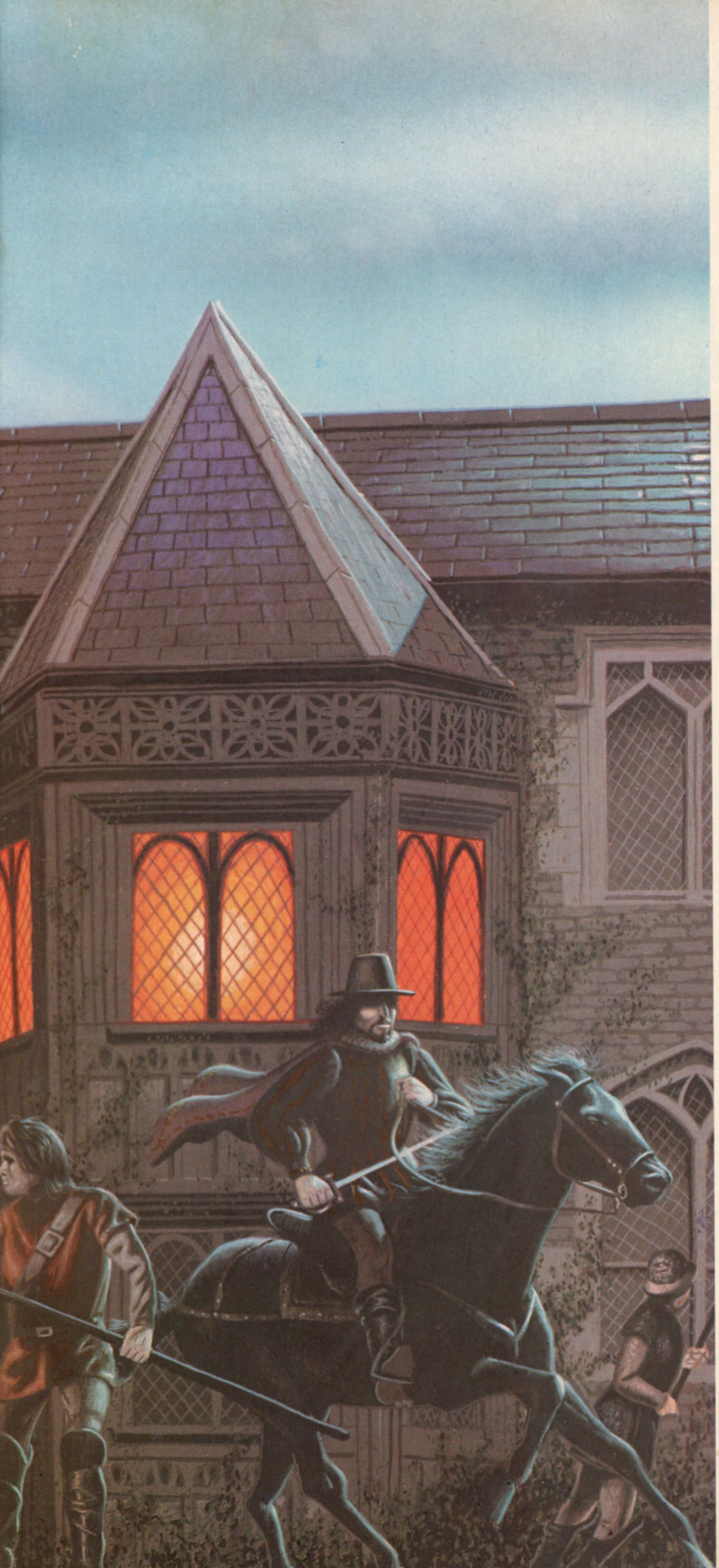
'O, God, darling. Wonderful. Wonderful.' Foolishly she ran a hand down her body.

'Colline, we made it.' But then the thought broke through. 'But how did you know about the belt?'

'Feminine intuition, darling. And by the way ...' At last she allowed her eyes to glimmer open. 'I think maybe I've found your wallet for you?'

'What?'

'Don't shout. But I feel sure I felt something with my ... well, I felt something just now. They must have slashed your jacket, but it dropped down inside the lining. Feel, right down there. At first I thought it was, well ... your things, way out. But, no. O, you lucky cuss. Or did you work it out?' The eyes before me hardened with respect. 'You've had a ride for free, ain't you?' She gave a silvery laugh. 'Correction – two.'



Ingeniously constructed, Britain's secret hiding places helped hundreds escape torture and death.

By Gerald Rawlings

SAFE FROM THE WORLD

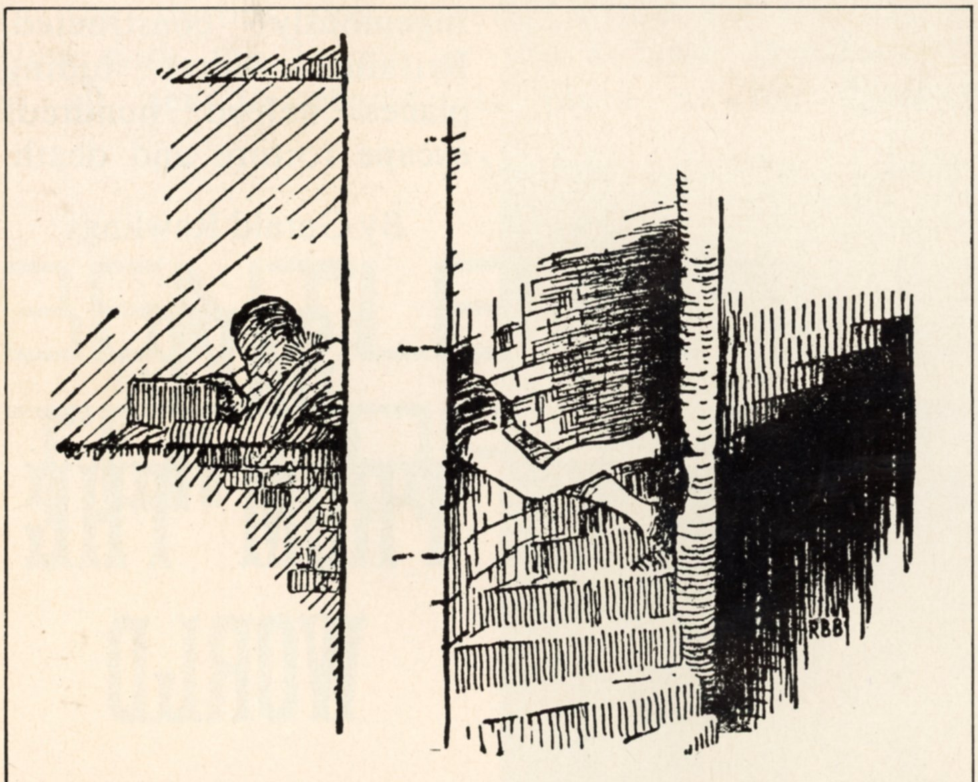
The pursuers arrived at midnight, about 30 of them. It was a clear night but the big old mansion house – more of a castle really – was shrouded in gloom, not a light to be seen anywhere. Their leader dismounted and hammered against the stout wooden door with the hilt of his sword, seeking admittance. Eventually a maidservant appeared and the leader instructed her to take a candle and lead them quietly to the bedroom of the master of the house, a Mr Darell. But the girl was quick-witted; moving towards the staircase she shouted loudly to announce the arrival of the visitors. The warning device worked, and the two hunted men, a Jesuit priest named Father Blount and his lay brother assistant, Bray, grabbed what food, clothing and church paraphernalia that they could and left their bedrooms.

Time was short and by now they were cut off by the intruders from the well-provisioned hiding place which they had so successfully used in similar circumstances 12 months earlier, so they ran down into the courtyard, and at the base of a turret in one of the corners pushed against one side of a huge stone slab which pivoted nearly on its central axis, allowing them into the hide which had been quarried out of the massive thickness of the wall. Hastily they closed the aperture by pushing from inside just before the priest hunters poured into the courtyard – they had only just made it. The weather was bitterly cold – it was December – and both of them were barefoot. Blount was wearing his cassock but Bray had only found time to slip on a pair of breeches. The only food they had was a loaf and a bottle of wine. In this uncomfortable refuge they were to remain for the next ten days.

Meanwhile the searchers had rounded up all

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY OAKES

Blount and his assistant desperately try to close the door of their secret hiding place before their pursuers succeed in battering down the door of the turretted English country house and find them.



The priest hole at Nevill Holt Hall could be entered from the spiral staircase to the belfry.

the family and servants, and herded them into one room under close guard while the extensive premises were subjected to a thorough and painstaking investigation. They were looking for Catholic priests in the hiding places or 'priest holes' as they came to be called which they were reasonably certain the house contained, and they spent their time measuring adjoining rooms for discrepancies which might point to the existence of a hide, hammering on walls for a tell-tale hollow sound, investigating and sounding in chimney flues, tearing up floor boards and stripping off wainscot and panelling. After ten days without result their vigilance began to relax, and the family and servants were allowed to move freely around the house.

Mrs Darell, walking in the courtyard was horrified to see the tassle of a vestment girdle protruding from the side of the pivoting slab which formed the entrance to the hide. Hastily she contrived to cut it off, and called in a low voice to the occupants to pull in the remainder of the string. Unluckily one of the searchers overheard her and asked her what string, and whom was she talking to. Mrs Darell kept her head and passed off the incident by saying that she was instructing servants to draw the string from the latch of the door which she was about to pass, but suspicions were aroused and men poured into the yard, and started thumping the walls with mattocks. One of them was a professional stone mason, included in the party by virtue of his special qualifications and it was he who noticed that the pivoting slab was not one of the original stones of the wall.

The searchers then concentrated their efforts on that particular spot, battering away until the hinges began to weaken with Blount and Bray bracing their backs against the inside surface to prevent the slab swinging open. By this time it was dark, and providentially it began to rain heavily. Soon the guttering above them was spewing jets of icy water over the searchers and, still not entirely convinced that they were going to find anything, they abandoned operations for the night, not even posting sentries since the only way out from this quarter of the house was over the high walls, and across the deep, wide moat.

At midnight the two men cautiously emerged from the hide into the still pouring rain, closed the hole, climbed two ten foot walls, and emerged onto a ruined tower at the extreme eastern edge of the premises. Bray could not swim so they decided to separate and join up at another Catholic house half a mile away. Blount divested himself of his cassock and dived the 16 feet into the moat which was covered with a thin sheet of ice.

Bray watched him swim across the moat and clamber out the other side. Then he turned to his own problems. He knew that opposite the stables the moat shelved abruptly to a depth of only two or three feet and was easily fordable. To reach that point, however, necessitated passing through the great hall where most of the pursuers were warming themselves at the roaring open fire.

Never a man to baulk at a dangerous ploy, Bray flung on the priest's cassock, tucked the skirt ends into his breeches, and burst into the hall pretending to be one of Mr Darell's servants, shrieking that intruders were in among the horses. A few dazed men followed him towards the stables, but once there Bray never hesitated, thrashing and splashing his way across the moat braying imprecations at the imaginary horse thieves and disappearing into the darkness and the rain. The followers stopped at the water's edge and turned back to the hall fire and the wine.

Reunited at the Catholic farmhouse, the two starved and emaciated men were fed and clothed; then despite the terrible privations they had suffered they moved on the same night 14 more miles to yet another Catholic refuge. Altogether a fairly typical example of the type of experiences regularly undergone by Catholic priests in Elizabeth I's reign.

In these circumstances it is readily understandable that the vast majority of secret hiding places in the great country houses of England were *literally* priest holes and were constructed for the protection and safety of the many priests who travelled all over the country celebrating Mass in secret.

Life was never easy in the 16th Century for openly professed Roman Catholics. They were known as Recusants because they refused to adopt the Protestant faith and they were forced to practise their religion in secret. They were in constant danger of being fined or deprived of privileges and when caught harbouring priests were liable to be imprisoned, tortured and in some cases executed. Life for a Catholic priest on the other hand was one long, unceasing flirtation with danger and death. Capture meant instant torture and execution. As Granville Squires, one of the few authorities on priest holes, puts it, the conditions in which they lived are today 'only paralleled by escaped murderers'. (And this was written in 1934 when murder was still a hanging matter).

Catholic priests were in short supply and it would have been suicidal to try to infiltrate foreigners into the country. A solution to this most difficult problem was eventually provided by that most remarkable of Roman Catholic institutions, the Society of Jesus. At their instigation English gentlemen were sent abroad to various Jesuit seminaries where they were trained, ordained and then smuggled back into the country to carry on with their work. It has been made sufficiently clear that the work was extremely dangerous but the point is underlined by Squires who says that 'In one period of ten years alone, out of 252 Jesuit priests who entered England, more than half were captured and executed.'

The authorities were well aware of the activities of these 'seminary priests' and they set up a special vigilante-type force known as the Pursuivants whose sole purpose in life was to hunt down priests and bring them to what might ironically be termed justice. They were a shabby lot, pitiless, brutal, coarse and cunning – even their own superiors did not trust them and all important searches were headed by a magistrate. Even so they frequently had charges brought against them for theft or looting. The sheriff leading this rabble of a posse was a well-bred ruffian called Topcliffe. (Squires calls him an 'animal'). Scoundrel though he may have been, he was uncommonly good at this work since he knew many of the priests by sight. When a particularly important capture was made he never failed to put in an appearance in the torture chamber of the Tower and later at the gallows to gloat over his victim. Eventually he overplayed his hand by abuse of his powers to such an extent that he was arrested and deprived of his commission.

To Topcliffe, however, we are indebted for a personal description of his principal enemy, by far the most famous and daring of the Jesuit priests of the day. This was Father John Gerard, known affectionately to his

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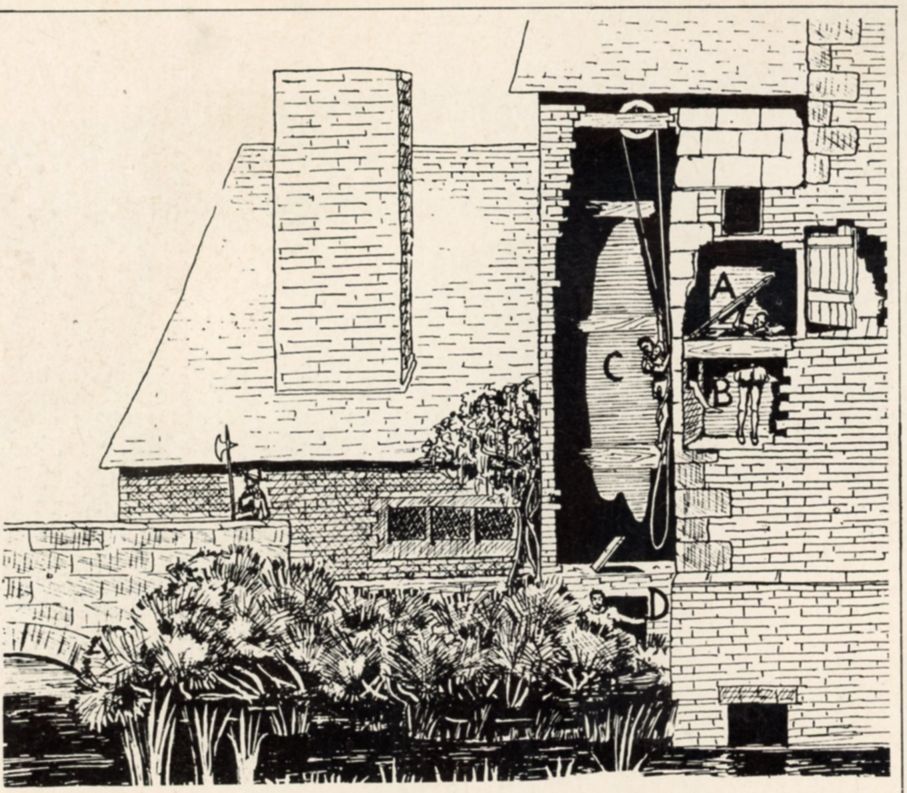

The hide at Harvington Hall with the false floor (A), chamber (B), shaft (C) and exit (D).

Safe from the world

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friends as 'Long John of the Little Beard' – one of the very few men who ever escaped from the Tower of London.

The sheriff/posse analogy is once again appropriate there as Topcliffe wrote this description as a kind of 'Wanted' poster for his fellow Pursuivants. Sixteenth Century spelling often appears strange today but Topcliffe's spelling was even more eccentric: 'John Gerrade ye Jhezewt is about 30 years oulde. Of a good stature, sum what higher than Sir Tho. Layton and upright in his paysse and countenance, sum what stayring in his look or eyes. Currilde heire by Nature, blakyshe and not apt to have much heire on his bearde. I thincke his noase sum what wide and turninge up. Blubarde lipps, turninge outwards especially the over lipps, most uppwards toward the noase. Kewryoos in speetche if he do now contyewe his custome, and in his speetche he slourrethe and smyles much and slaterings or lispinge or dooblinge of his tonge in his speetche. Beard cut close saving little mustachios and a little tuft under his lower lip.'

One other party is worthy of particular mention in this matter of priest hunting and he is Nicholas Owen, nicknamed "Little John", for he was the master architect and builder of a considerable number of the hiding places in Recusant houses. He was not a priest but a Jesuit lay brother who had originally started life as a stone mason and carpenter. He acted as servant to several priests but the majority of his time must have been spent in locating suitable sites for hides and then carrying out the necessary alterations and construction. This is what Father Gerard had to say of him when his superiors instructed him to write his autobiography. The original was written in Latin which accounts for the modern spelling in the translation which was probably done at a much later time:

'In the making of secret places he was so skilful, both to devise and frame them in the best manner, and his help therein was desired in very many places. He was the immediate occasion of saving the lives of many hundreds of persons, both ecclesiastical and secular. Some escaped not once but many times in several searches in the same house and sometimes five or six together. Myself have been one of the seven that escaped that danger at one time in a secret place of his making.

'He laboured in all the shires and in the chiefest Catholic houses in England. He had a known and tried care of secrecy. He was so careful that you should never hear him speak of any houses or places where he did made such hides, though sometimes he had occasion to discourse of the fashion of them for the making of others. He did much strive to make them of several fashions in several places, that one being taken might give no light to the discovery of another.'

A servant or builder's labourer by day, Owen did his crucial work at night by candlelight, for the servants in the households were never privy to the clandestine work being carried out and for obvious security reasons. This master craftsman carried on his work for nearly 17 years. On one occasion he was captured in a London house along with Father Gerard and was tortured in the Tower on Topcliffe's rack but he revealed nothing and eventually the authorities, ignorant of his importance, released him. He immediately masterminded the plans for Father Gerard's escape from the Tower. In the end his luck ran out when he was captured again – this time starved out of one of his own hides. By now the authorities knew who he was and racked him unmercifully until his body was ruptured but he never revealed any of his secrets. They covered the rupture with an iron plate and continued the torture until he was literally torn apart. He died without saying a word about the location of his hides. This extraordinary man was beatified by the Roman Catholic Church in the 1920s.

Although the vast majority of secret hiding places in this country were constructed for the harbouring of priests in what came to be called 'penal times' there was to be plenty of use for them on later occasions, particularly by Cavalier refugees in the reign of Protector Cromwell and in the Jacobite risings of 1715 and 1745. There is also some evidence to suggest that a few of them were used by highwaymen and smugglers.

Granville Squires was once asked the questions 'What is the true test of a secret hiding place?' and he answered that there were four requisites:

1. Signs of obvious secrecy, such as a camouflaged entrance.
2. Signs of furnishings or occupation.
3. An authentic history.
4. A good reason for a hiding place.

And by far the most important of these, he insists, is the last one. He begins his thesis pragmatically enough by shooting down a number of widely held misconceptions of his day concerning secret places of all kinds. As a device in romantic fiction, secret hiding places, passages and tunnels were almost mandatory with Victorian writers like Horace Walpole, Walter Scott, Alexandre Dumas, Bulwer Lytton, Harrison Ainsworth, Sheridan Le Fanu and Mrs Henry Wood. Frequently the dénoument revolved entirely around the discovery of some such place before baddies could meet their comeuppance and goodies live happily ever after.

The first target for Mr Squires' sniping is the then widely held belief that hiding places were incorporated in the original construction of the house, but it does not require much reflection to realise that any secrecy would be non-existent if all the workmen on the site and casual passers-by knew about it. He insists that any true hide is invariably a later adaptation of an existing building. But Squires reserves his biggest broadside for the subject of secret underground passages and tunnels. As an expert he investigated scores of rumours concerning underground passages from old manor houses which where supposed to run to some distant and improbable place, usually a church. In almost every case he identified them as disused water conduits or sewers which had usually been bricked up after being replaced by more modern sanitary systems. 'If every alleged secret tunnel in England existed,' he wrote, 'this country would resemble a Gruyère cheese.

But genuine priest holes and hiding places he found in quantity.

In Squires' book he groups the description of his researchers by counties and in the Midlands, a strong Recusant area, his investigations were very fruitful. *Baddesley Court,* a fine old manor house in Warwickshire, is a good example, having two very

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good priest holes. It was in this house that Father Gerard had the first of his many experiences in evading capture by the Pursuivants. The bigger of the two was converted from an old brick vaulted sewer which runs below cellar level the whole length of the western side of the house. The original entrance was removed and replaced by a heavy stone slab set in vertical grooves which could be raised or lowered from the room immediately above which in penal times was the priest's room. Here there was another entrance through a window seat, the bottom of which could be lifted out allowing access downwards by ladder. By any standards this was a sizeable hide and once comfortably accommodated Father Gerard and nine others. Pursuivants descended on the house at 5 am. Hastily the Jesuits bundled together all their clothing, and vestments, turning their mattresses bottom side up so that the searchers, touching the cold side would not realise that the beds had been slept in; then they tumbled into the hide. The Pursuivants ransacked the house for four hours but eventually left empty-handed. The other hide is in the roof, a six foot square hutch of lath and plaster snuggled between chimney breast and beams which is entered by a cunningly concealed door set under sloping rafters. You have to crawl to get inside but once there you can stand up.

Not far away, a few miles north east of Worcester, is the site of *Hindlip Hall* which has long since been pulled down but we know from official records that there were no less than 11 hides in the house, all of Owen's construction as were the ones at *Baddesley*. The Pursuivants descended on this place 100 strong and commenced a thorough search. Owen himself and his chief assistant were in one very cramped hide with only an apple between them for food, and after four days they emerged and gave themselves up, probably in the hope that the Pursuivants would then abandon the search. Unfortunately the reverse was the case and the investigation was carried on with renewed vigour. Several hiding places were found, all containing 'books, Massing stuff and Popish trumper' but on the eighth day somebody spotted that on the many chimney had no smoke blackening at the top. This turned out to be no chimney but a disguised ventilation shaft to a hide by the side of a fireplace concealed by a false wall of planks overlaid with bricks and mortar and then blackened to look like part of a flue. Inside they found two priests, one of whom was Father Garnet, the senior English Jesuit. They had a store of food and had been further sustained with broths and warm drinks passed to them by quill reed through a little hole in the brickwork. Unhappily all four of these men paid the extreme penalty.

Still in Warwickshire, set back from the Alcester – Evesham road is a house called *Abbot's Salford* which has a most ingenious hide in one of the maze of attics on the top floor. The entrance is through a stout oak cupboard set back into the thickness of the wall, and it carries two oak shelves. On releasing a hidden catch the whole back of the cupboard, shelves and all, can be pushed backwards and upwards on hinges set into the top. Once into the hide, the door can be bolted from the inside, an accomplice could place a few articles on the shelves and close the cupboard door. Although uncomfortable the hide is near undetectable.

Mosely Old Hall, Staffordshire, some five miles north of Wolverhampton, is justly famous for its secret chambers since it is undeniably one of the sanctuaries which Chalres II used after his flight from the battlefield of Worcester. He was taken there because the owner, a Mr Whitgreave, sheltered a Benedictine priest, and one of the King's companions knew there were secure hides. The King was lodged in a bedroom from which he could enter a double chamber consisting of a large cupboard leading into an inner sanctum. The door to the cupboard or closet ran from floor to ceiling displaying no break in the panelling to catch the eye. This in itself was a fairly safe hide, but the back could be opened giving access to the room beyond where the occupant could recline or sit on the floor. The king in fact made use of this cubby hole on the second day of his stay. Mr Whitgreave kept constant vigilance and posted his three sons up in the attics where they could watch the road. Sure enough the soldiers appeared and what happened next is best told in Mr Whitgreave's own words:

'. . . one of the neighbours I saw come running in, who told the maid, soldiers were comeing to search, who thereupon presentlie came running to the staires head, and cried, soldiers, soldiers are comeing: which his Majestie hearing, presently started out of his bed, and runn to his privacie, where I secured him as best I could, and then leaving him, went forth to meet the soldiers, who were comeing to search, whom, as soon as they saw and knew who I was were ready to pull mee in peeces, and take mee away with them, saying, I was come from Worcester fight; but after much dispute with them, and by the neighbours being informed of their false information, that I was not there they let mee goe: but till I saw them clearly all gone forth of the town, I returned not; but as soon as they were I returned to release him, and did acquaint him with my stay, which hee thought long and then hee began to bee very chearfull again.'

For this unswerving loyalty Mr Whitgreave earned the King's eternal gratitude, eventually agumented in practical terms by a pension of £200 per annum.

Leicestershire was not a very active Recusant county but there is an interesting priest hole at *Nevill Holt Hall* not far from Market Harborough. The hide is a sizeable one, some 18 feet by 11 but only four feet six inches high; it is artfully concealed between the floor of the bedchamber above and the roof of the vault below. There are two entrances, one through the false floor of a large cupboard in the room above, and the other via the spiral staircase up into the belfry. Here one of the stones in the wall could be pushed through into the hide beyond, and replaced from the inside by the hider after he had crawled through.

Worcestershire was strong Recusant country

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and it was the practice in those parts to spread linen out to dry on the hedgerows in a particular pattern to signify to the faithful that Mass was to be celebrated. One of these houses, *Woolas Hall,* on the slopes of Bredon Hill had a priest hole which has since been lost, but Cobbett mentions it in the early 19th Century in his *Rural Rides:* 'Up in the very roof of it a Catholic chapel 25 feet long and ten wide. At the back of the altar is a little room which you enter through a door going out of the chapel and adjoining this little room there is a closet in which there is a trap-door made to let the priest down into one of these hiding places.'

Still in Worcestershire is *Harvington Hall*, set back from the main Kidderminster – Bromsgrove road. Squires describes it as 'the typical "moated grange" of fiction' and remarks that it houses the most remarkable collection of secret hiding places under one roof in the country. Quite apart from the number of its hides, the place must have been a nightmare for any Pursuivant conducting a search, for the house is a confusing jumble of passages, staircases, doors, odd nooks and crannies and an alteration in the floor level every time you turn a corner. The garrets, too, are a bewildering maze of gables, rafters and lath and plaster partitions which, if a hide was discovered, could be used as a bolt hole to a different part of the house, and another hide. One is of particular interest because of its unusual nature. One of the first floor rooms has a small pantry leading off it and the whole boarded floor lifts up to reveal a six foot deep chamber with a three by five foot width. In one corner of this hide is a small hole 18 inches square which is concealed from view from above by a timber hoist. Anyone climbing through this hole (with some difficulty) emerges into a wide, deep shaft which runs from the roofs to a chamber below ground. Up in the roof is a pulley wheel over which a rope runs and by holding both strands a man can lower himself to the bottom. In case of emergency there was formerly a bolt hole from this chamber concealed by bushes on the steep and narrow inner bank of the moat. There is also a tradition at *Harvington Hall* that death traps were laid for unwary Pursuivants by having false floors in the top storey of the house where rooms or passages overhang the cobbles of the courtyard 50 feet below, but there is no firm evidence that these actually claimed any lives.

At *Hardwick Hall* in county Durham we come across the work of a secret chamber artist whose ingenuity rivals that of the great Owen – indeed Squires refers to him as the Nicholas Owen of the North. He was a Jesuit priest named Father Richard Holtby who seems to have been an amateur carpenter and mason in his spare time although there was nothing amateurish about his work. In one of the large garrets there is a sizeable chimney breast some seven feet six inches wide and two feet six inches deep. More than half of this space is a hide, not built into the chimney but added on to it. The real chimney is only 40 inches wide but Holtby added on another 50 inches with matching brickwork cleverly blended into the original so that no join is visible. The entrance is of normal door size situated in a dark corner under a sloping roof and very skilfully disguised. This hide was only rediscovered in about 1914 having been overlooked for hundreds of years.

There are so many hiding places in the great country houses of England and Wales that it would be quite impossible to describe them all in a short article and we must be content with a quick look at some of the more interesting ones among the remainder.

At *Lyme Park,* Disley, there is an example of that contraption so beloved of Victorian novelists, the portrait that swings out of its frame. This was undoubtedly the entry to a hide at one time but it no longer exists and it now simply opens into another room.

Boscobel House in Shropshire has several hides, probably constructed by Owen and is famous for having sheltered Charles II. Nearby is the famous oak tree where the King and a Royalist Colonel hid during the day, moving into the *Boscobel House* at night.

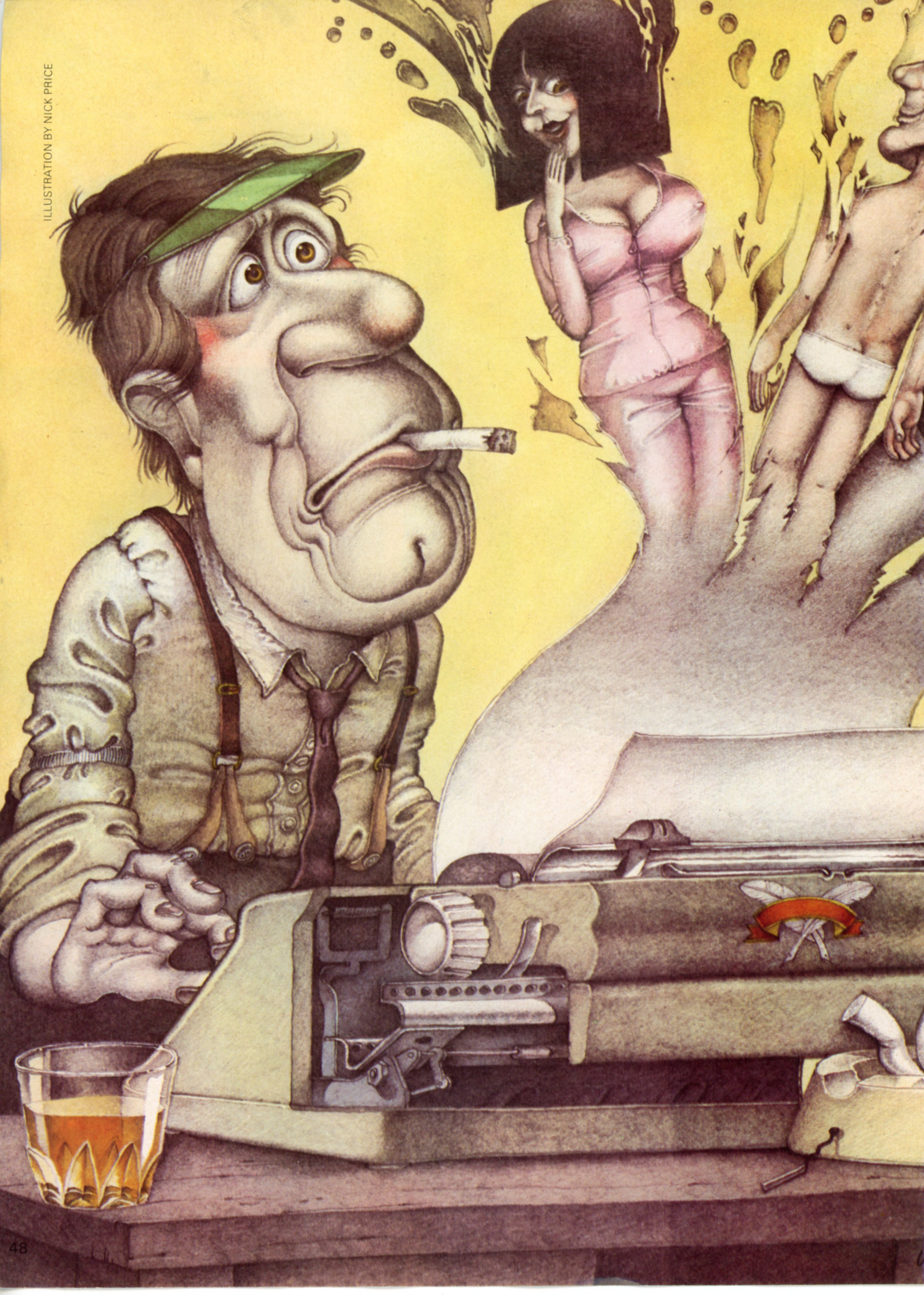
At Thorpe St Andrew in Norfolk there was formerly a moated house owned by a noted Recusant family, the Pastons. This house was a Jesuit champlaincy and maintained solely as a refuge for priests. On one occasion, the Pursuivants arriving unexpectedly, the servants delayed their admission as long as possible, giving the priests time to clear away the altar furniture and conceal themselves in the hiding place. But the searchers had a bloodhound with them which went straight to the vicinity of the hide. For a moment it seemed that discovery was inevitable but, providentially, a large and fierce cat appear on the scene which, jealous of its own territory, completely routed the bloodhound, causing the search to break up in confusion and allowing the priests to escape.

One of the oddest uses of a hiding place is recorded at *Markyate Cell* in Hertfordshire which was occupied by a branch of the Ferrers family. Round about 1645, Kathleen Ferrers, the bored and neglected girl-wife of the lord of the manor decided to liven up her dull life by turning highwayman. There was a secret chamber by the side of a chimney and this she used for changing into male clothing, after which she went out robbing and sometimes murdering travellers on the nearby Watling Street. Her unusual hobby came to an abrupt end one night when she was shot. She tried to make it back to the house but died at the gates. After that the local mothers threatened their children with their local bogeyman, 'the wicked Lady Ferrers.'

Finally we may return to *Scotney Castle* near Lamberhurst in Kent, which was the scene of the adventure described at the beginning of this article. This house had another hide on the second floor where Father Blount and his servant, Bray, were confined for seven days while Pursuivants searched the house. They had modest provisions but were dreadfully cramped in a space measuring three foot three inches by four foot ten inches and four foot high. Bray, as we have already seen, was bold fellow and, as the Pursuivants showed no sign of leaving, he emerged from the hide and gave himself up saying that he had been concealed in another part of the house. Clearly not a priest, he was eventually released, but in the meantime they abandoned the search, allowed Father Blount to escape and later to be reunited with Bray enabling them to carry on with their good work.

And so we end as we started with a narrow escape from certain death. Hide and seek as a children's game has given endless pleasure to countless generations of boys and girls, but to Catholic priests and lay brothers of the 16th. Century it was a grim game indeed and discovery meant a short walk to the gallows.

'Before Neville died he asked me to give you something.'



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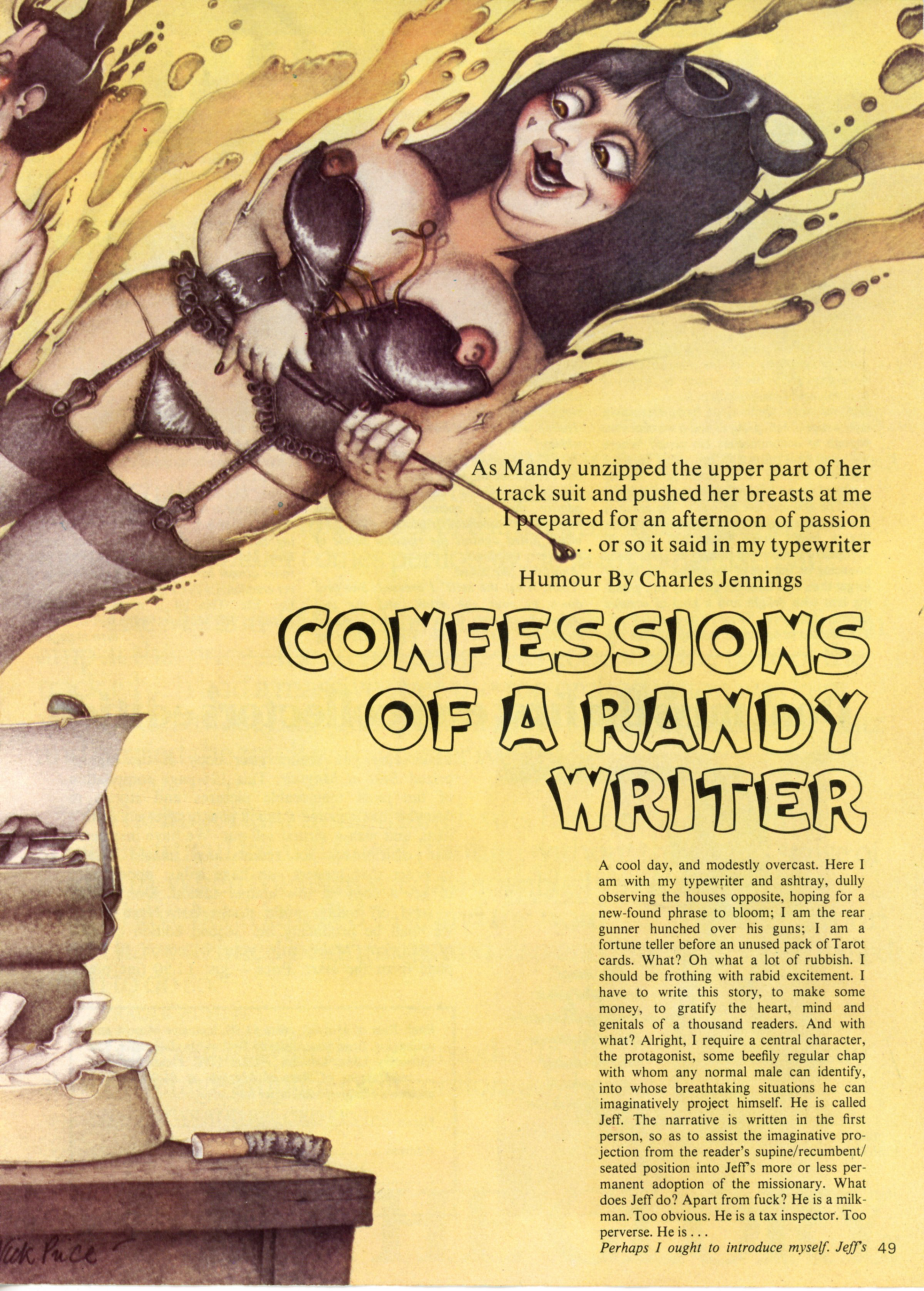

As Mandy unzipped the upper part of her track suit and pushed her breasts at me I prepared for an afternoon of passion . . . or so it said in my typewriter

Humour By Charles Jennings

CONFESSIONS OF A RANDY WRITER

A cool day, and modestly overcast. Here I am with my typewriter and ashtray, dully observing the houses opposite, hoping for a new-found phrase to bloom; I am the rear gunner hunched over his guns; I am a fortune teller before an unused pack of Tarot cards. What? Oh what a lot of rubbish. I should be frothing with rabid excitement. I have to write this story, to make some money, to gratify the heart, mind and genitals of a thousand readers. And with what? Alright, I require a central character, the protagonist, some beefily regular chap with whom any normal male can identify, into whose breathtaking situations he can imaginatively project himself. He is called Jeff. The narrative is written in the first person, so as to assist the imaginative projection from the reader's supine/recumbent/seated position into Jeff's more or less permanent adoption of the missionary. What does Jeff do? Apart from fuck? He is a milkman. Too obvious. He is a tax inspector. Too perverse. He is . . .

Perhaps I ought to introduce myself. Jeff's *the name. I'm an antiques dealer. In my line of business I get to see the insides of quite a few houses and sometimes a whole lot more besides. If you get my gist. I mean, I'm a regular sort of bloke, six feet three inches, broad chested, tolerably hirsute without allowing hair to spoil the natural aesthetic qualities of my line and, as I'm told, unbelieveably well-endowed. I mean, almost staggeringly so. You want the dimensions? Fourteen inches fully erect (ambient air temperature 68 degrees Fahrenheit for optimum expansion); 750 cc balls; girth of 9 inches; climax capacity: 16 full ones per hour for a maximum of seven hours then dropping to ten per hour indefinitely. My overall stamina is such that if I don't have sexual activity of any kind for 24 hours, I am capable of uprooting whole pine forests, quelling rebellions with one frenzied charge, re-turfing every cricket pitch in England in a day, and I could go on . . .*

No you can't. Quite apart from everything else, where is Jeff going to find a woman vast enough to accommodate his penis? Where will she find room for her other internal organs? Equally, how does Jeff, having achieved some kind of tumescence, *keep it up?* The chances are he can't. The result is this absurd thing swaying between his knees like a badly made cosh, and the soft rhythmic tump-tump-tump of his balls bouncing on the pile of the carpet. No. Better forget that. Just have the girl, any girl, grasping him with delight and a kind of ecstatic horror, and saying, 'Oooo! You *are* big!'

That should be sufficient. Antiques? Can *you* think of another way of dragging the bugger in and out of private houses while the Lord and Master is at work, slashing his wrists on gin and Valium, leaving his wife (and perhaps her 16-year-old daughter) rattling around the house in leather split-crotch panties and semi-transparent nylon camisoles? Well I can't. Anyway, here's Jeff, turning up at 43 Acacia on his BMW motorbike, which he even manages to haul onto the centre stand, being pretty strong all round. He's let into the house by some bint in a satin tracksuit with her nipples poking out in the breeze like tent-pegs . . . only how does he get the antiques on the back of a motorbike? Well, to be frank, he doesn't have a BMW at all (except possibly to ride around over masochistic girls); he has a Range Rover, in which he can fit a Jacobean double bed which plays Parsifal when lain upon. And *then* he goes into number 43 and so on, and inevitably has to engage the tracksuit in some kind of fatuous dialogue. Er . . .

'Hello,' she said winsomely. 'Like a stiff whisky?'

'Is it?' I quipped. She looked pretty hot to me. I could see she hadn't had any for weeks. I downed my whisky in one, and sat down to admire the full rococo sweep of her magnificent/stupendous/ravishing breasts, which jutted against the rippable fabric of her flimsy tracksuit.

'Another?' She asked.

'Yeah. What the hell?' I breezed. She bent down to pour the drink, and my tool stiffened at the bulge of her rampant buttocks inside the tight clinging satin. I wondered what she was like to shaft, but reckoned that my chances were slim. I downed two more whiskies and started to feel pretty good.

Two points to note here: one is that the prose style tends to be a bit awkward, littered as it is with adjectives trying to convey the sensuous tactile squeezability of the woman's body, and I apologize for the lack of ingenuity involved; and two: there is a lot of drink. What is interesting about Jeff and his kind (if indeed anything can be said to be interesting about him) is that he can absorb drink without either getting hysterically drunk or, worse, a major attack of the Droop, or, if beer is involved, simply dying to pass water all over the drawing room. In Jeff's case, booze is a catalyst in the process of fornication, an inhibiter of moral sense, but mercifully no more than that.

'I'm Mandy,' she opined. 'Mum's gone out for the day, and probably won't be back for some time. Do you want to see the antiques?' (Watch this. I'm going to have Mum, a well-kept 47-year-old, return just as Jeff has finished giving Mandy her third mighty Shag of the Day.)

'Yeah,' I said.

'They're all in the bedroom.'

'Fine,' I grunted. I followed her contra-rotating buttocks as they trembled and jiggled their way upstairs, and arrived in the bedroom almost bent double with the ferocity of my erection.

Etc. Etc. This bit is more or less just padding. Jeff looks at some gilt-smothered

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Confessions of a randy writer

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tat on the dressing table I suppose, and cracks a few more pathetic gags, before the crux arrives when Mandy invites him to check the woodworm. And of course they have it off. Now this represents a major difficulty to any prose writer, and I can think of no-one who has successfully conveyed any real sense of the sexual act. Foreplay has sometimes had the ring of conviction, as have specific sexual practices such as beating, fellatio or whatever may once in a while seem plausible; but in general this complex and profound activity is reduced to nothing more than a catechism of banal synonyms and horribly familiar epithets. I mean, what is there? Cock, prick, the clinical penis, shaft, rod, piston, meat, stiffy, wanger (too daft) member, clitty-thumper (for the retarded only), Big John, Midget Accomplice, piledriver and so on. And what does she have? How can one describe that incomprehensible feminine masterwork? Cunt, fanny, pussy, vagina (see penis), hole, minge, mott, muff, snatch (daft again), quim, slit, even *blit*, yes I've even seen the word blit used somewhere. What a choice. Then piecing the shambles together ... he thrust his organ into her waiting snatch ... she screamed over and over as he pushed it in up to the hilt, her orgasms filling the room with wild ... his swelling knob glistened, she caressed it between her pendulous tits, her nipples aching with stiffness ... she came again and again, the love-juice gushing from her, running down his neck and shoulders, over his thighs, forming puddles on the ground, rippling in little waves as it washed out of the room and away across the bleak countryside . . .

I smoke a doubtful cigarette and think about having some lunch. The afternoon winds impeturbably on, and the room is softly lit with the delicate grey of autumn. I would rather do anything than this.

Back to Jeff and Mandy, the bores.

She unzipped the upper reaches of her track-suit, and pushed her white glistening breasts towards me. My tongue ran over each corrugated throbbing nipple in turn and as I clasped her buttocks I felt her squirm under my ministrations. Her stomach pressed into my face, the zip was undone, I let my mouth lick around and inside her thighs. Then she was lying on the carpet, her face set fixed in a concentrated pout of anticipation. She deftly reached inside my trousers, and hauled out my vast tool.

'Oooo! You are big!' was her only comment as she bent over my cock. But as her red mouth brushed it and sucked tentatively, a horrible thought filled my mind: it wasn't stiff; I didn't have an erection; I wasn't going to be able to do it.

Ho ho ho.

He's impotent! Jeff's impotent! He can't bloody get it up! There he is, lolling around the carpet with this nymphet, the room ablaze with pent-up sexual desire, breasts and fannies coming at him like motorway intersections, and nothing at all happens. She licks him, gives him head, bites him, massages his back, reads him a pornographic letter, rubs baby oil into his tool, cajoles it, remonstrates with it, smacks it, mumbles endearments *into* it, dips it in a bucket of ice-cubes, plays Wagner to it. Nothing. Impassivity. Curling his toes with shame and embarassment, Jeff stooges back to his Range Rover, a broken man. Make that an Austin Traveller, I feel vindictive. Hard lines, Jeff old man. It happens to all of us at some time or another, and to *some* of us all of the time. I could make you the first superstud who can't rely on an erection. You'll be famous if you stick with me.

I suppose common sense must prevail. Another cigarette, a deep breath, we must see this through, then I can watch *Children's Hour* on the television.

Alright. He gives Mandy the fuck(s) of her life, multiple climaxes, up the walls, in the bathroom, under the bed, tearing her hair out, shrieking, whimpering, gasping and moaning, claw marks down his back, love bites on both of them from savaged loins to twitching toes, and beyond. The room is a crater. She is a pulp of wobbly ecstasy, falling into a light sleep on top of the wardrobe. He crawls downstairs and finishes the whisky, needless to say, in one. Any *Special* practices? You know, spanking, or bondage or . . . *that* . . . The illegal one. How could I imply it? As she bent over the end of the bed, Jeff could not resist, er, parting her flushed cheeks, and with great tact and delicacy, introducing his ... No. Sorry, but no. Not on. He could always pelt her with custard pies, or she could make him dress up as Stalin, or something, *anything.*

'Wow, baby, that was the most fantastic screw I've ever had,' he salivated.

'Yeah,' she replied.

'Let's do it again, darling.'

Does he know her name?

Does it matter?

Does she have a personality? Or are they just two bits of the same machine? He might have asked. Ah, she tells him before they start. But her interests? Her consuming interests in life (apart from promiscuous sex)? Even her appearance? We know about her tits and bum, we have an inkling of her thighs and mouth, more information than is credible vis-à-vis her vagina, but there remains the face, and the hands, the bits which stay uncovered even when everything else is normally covered up. Perhaps she could put on a record, a distinctive record: Chopin nocturnes; The Damned; Jack Teagarden. And then she could straighten up, hesitate to admire her face (description of face, here) in the mirror, before noticing Jeff's reflection smirking hotly at her. She plays with her quick-release clothing (hands) and delivers a monologue on genetics (brain) to a stunned and incompetent Jeff (personality). *Then* they go and shag the living daylights out of each other.

During the shag, do they say things?

'Hell, Mandy, your tits really get me worked up.'

'Fuck me, Jeff, fuck me till my brain explodes.'

Yes, apart from that.

'The true impact of Turner on the development of twentieth century art has still to be fully explored.'

'I went to a recital of music by Scriabin the other night.'

Neither of those sounds especially convincing, I admit. Better get mum into the action.

The front door opened as I lay relaxing on the couch. It was Mandy's mum, and not half bad she was too. Picture a larger, more robust Mandy, with, if anything, fuller boobs and a more prehensile arse, then cloud the

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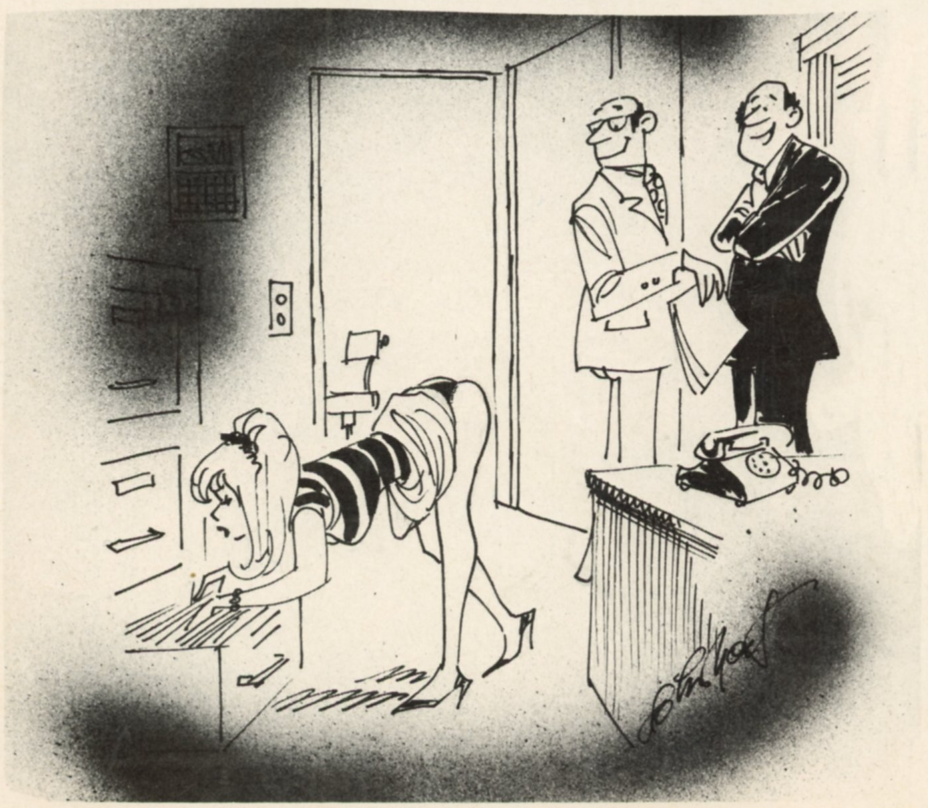

'She was away sick last week but it's good to see the colour back in her cheeks.'

Confessions of a randy writer

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vision with a fretwork of lines and a coarser skin, and you have it. I had no time to move.

'Young man,' she observed, 'you have no clothes upon you.'

'That's right, lady,' I riposted cheekily. I had decided to brave the thing out.

'Have you been copulating?'

'Not half.'

'With my daughter?'

'Good Lord.'

'You deserve a thrashing.' She unbottoned her overcoat. Underneath, she had on no more than a waspie corset, black stockings, thigh-length boots, a garter, black silk evening gloves and a pair of black silk knickers. I caught a glimpse of her panting bosom as it rose and fell behind a fence of black lace. She was magnificent. I felt my business partner stir angrily between my nail-dragged thighs.

'A thrashing, eh? You'll get more than you bargained for if you try that one.'

'I'm ready for you,' she gritted, producing a crop from a capacious inner pocket.

Bet you want to know what happens now, eh? I wish I did. I suppose it would be something like; he grabs her by the leg, pulling her to ground; she bites his hand; he cries out and she brings the riding crop down on his shoulders? Bum? Elbow? Anyway he gets mad, grabs the crop, sits heavily on her, pushing the crop between her teeth. She looks immensely satisfied as he flicks (if possible with twelve stone) her over and canes her buttocks till her knickers are in shreds. She is most appreciative, then they all go to sleep. NO.

Mandy appears, sees Jeff pasting the hell out of Mum and joins in, beating Jeff with a leather belt. Then finally Jeff achieves a monstrous erection which finds its way all over the house, into cupboards, the dishwasher, fruitbowls and so on. Mum ever the sport, caresses Jeff's bruises and presents her arse for more flagellation. Jeff obliges before rogering her and her daughter again. That's it. Now revamp with a handful of *those* words, and some ridiculous epithets. Smouldering crotch. Pressed her crotch into his face. Her cheeks glowed like coals. He gasped as she took in more and more of his immense tool. Oh well.

The night-time blackens my windows, I have missed *Children's Hour*, and there remain the turgid depravities of the finale to chronicle. Such is the overall level of ingenuity so far, I can see that the throes are going to have to be comparatively thrilling to compensate for what has happened already. Picture the household if you will. In the drawing room (doubtless lapped with translucent net curtains and reproductions of Degas' better known works) there is the gently-sobbing bulk of Mum, distended across the shattered couch. A shard of wood lies here; a shred of velour, enough for a scarf, lies there. Mum's garments are in a state of utter disarray, shredded, burst, laddered, torn and damp. She rolls slightly from side to side, easing the pain of her buttocks, rubbing her thighs, stimulating the very last edge of pleasure from inside her. Her face, ignobly tribal in gashed make-up and sweat, registers bovine gratitude. Periodically a sigh escapes. Mum is cooling off.

On the staircase, Mandy is spark out. A cudgel, used for belabouring the couch in climax, swings in her numb right hand. Her breasts are marked with bites, some gentle, some firm, and her hair is wild and sticky. A garter clings against the odds to her thigh. On her face, heavy with sleep, a moment of unease recurs as she dreams of physical sensation beyond desire or pain, some act of silence in the lightless bedroom where the air is hot. Listen carefully. She snores.

Past the strangled rubber plant and the engraving lying in glass splinters by the bathroom door (the slipperier contents of the cabinet pelted like a Pollock across ceiling and floor), across the bed dragged onto the landing, into the master bedroom and we find a tangled cone of feathers, sheets, underwear and Jeff. Is he dead? Has Jeff finally blown his organ clean off in one cataclysm? What about his pulse?

Jeff stirs. If there was a glass of gin he would down it instantly, but all that is moist is a tube of KY lodged behind his ear. Feathers cling to his balls. He is wet with sweat. Through the stumbling vagueness of his mind, Jeff apprehends the noise of a car pulling up in the street outside. A door slams. Jeff, paralysed with terror, hears the man of the house unlock the front door. A pause like a climax clouds over everything, and he takes the opportunity to peel away the satin and elastic on his shoulders.

This is difficult. If it *is* him, back from a hard day of neurosis and boardroom virility, then we may as well wrap the whole thing up now. It means the police, charges of criminal damage, indecent assault, trespass, God knows what else, divorce proceedings, Mandy taken into protection, scandal, shame and bitterness. Better leave him out of it. Forget the car.

Jeff crawled out of the wreckage and dragged himself up in front of the mirror. A black eye and a thin cut lent art to his bland good looks. Over his shoulder loomed . . .

Satan? A ghost?

. . . Mandy, her face crumpling into a brainless smile. She touched the top of his head with sore lips, and delicately picked a splinter from Jeff's arm. He put his arm round her still-shaking thighs and rubbed his cheek against her stomach.

Oh, this is nice. This is really nice. I could enjoy this. Better watch it, or it'll be marriage before you know where you are. No, he doesn't do anything except have her again. No, much too sore by now, he . . . He pushes her back into the pile. Too brutal.

Mandy stays put on the stairs.

What the hell *does* Jeff do? I suppose he gets dressed and goes downstairs. Or rather he goes downstairs, eventually finds most of his clothes, puts them on very gingerly, and makes a nice cup of tea. That's it. They all have a nice cup of tea.

'Bye bye,' says Jeff, waving from his Range Rover.

'Bye bye,' say Mandy and Mum. 'Come again soon. Thank you for the rogering and the oral sex and the beating.'

'And the illegal thing,' says Mandy.

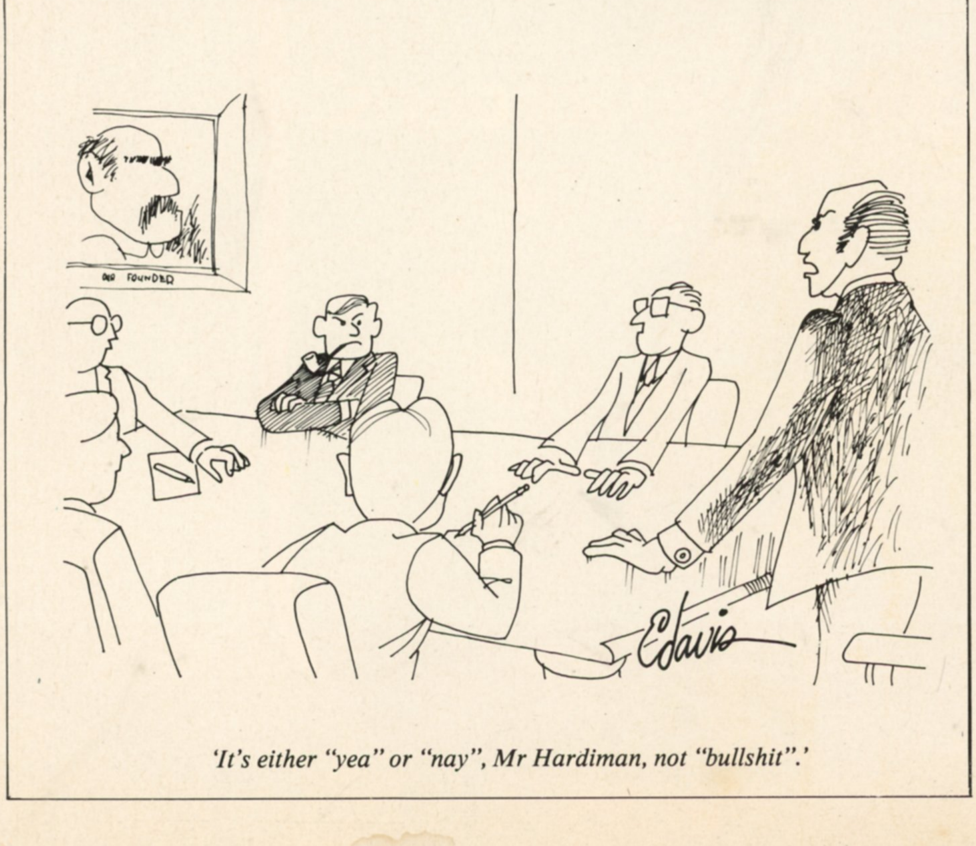
'He didn't do an illegal thing to me,' says Mum.

'I bet he did *really*,' says Mandy.

No, Mandy and Mum rouse Jeff from his stupor, set the house primly to rights and tell him how the whole thing was planned from the start. 'We don't have any antiques at all,' they laugh. 'We just wanted to see if you were as good at it as Mrs O'Brien said you were.'

'And Mrs Williams,' chirps Mandy, prettily straightening the seam of her stocking.

And it ends. Sod off Jeff, sod off Mum and Mandy, and your bloody perversions, I want to watch *Match of the Day*.

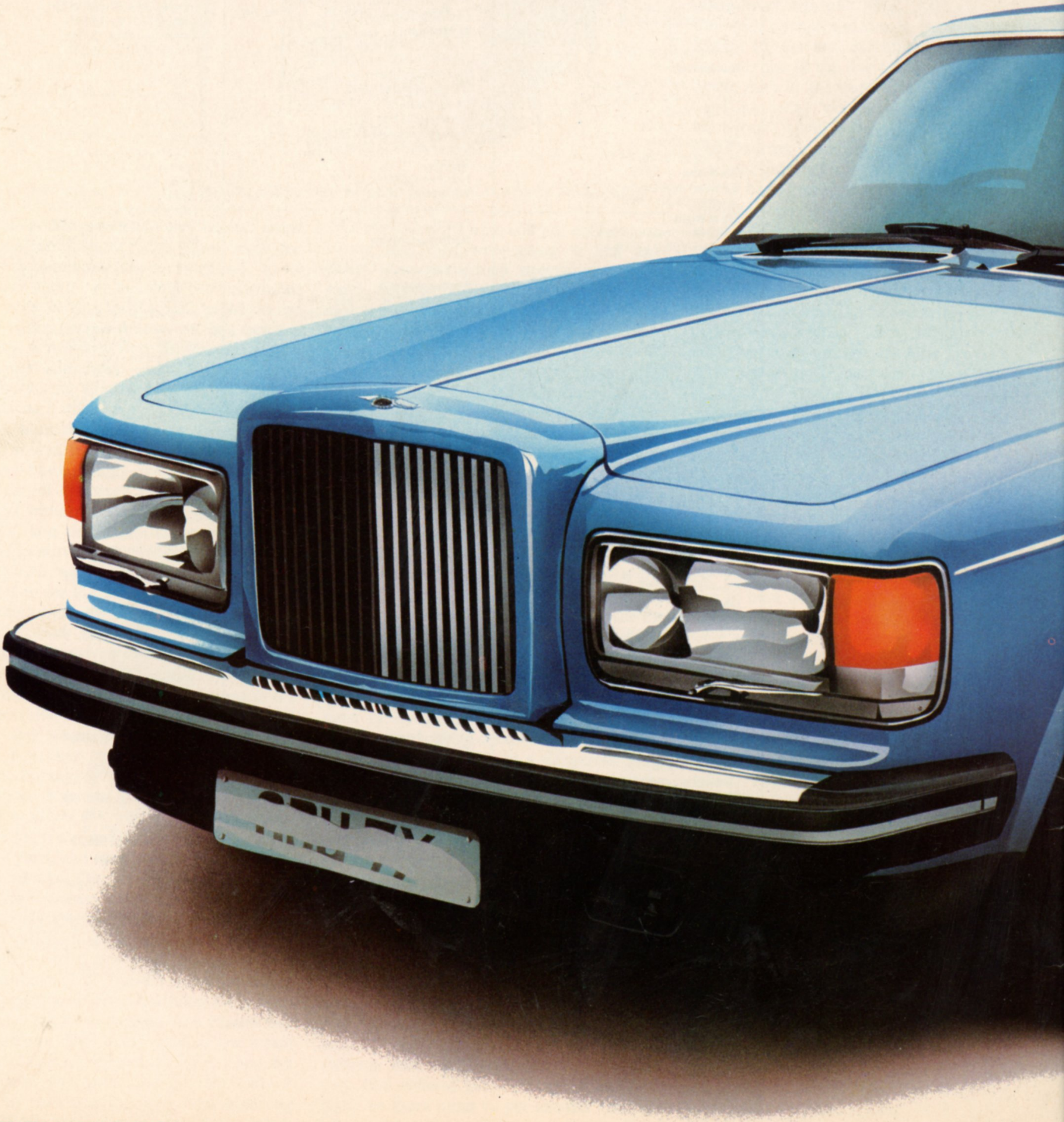


'It's either "yea" or "nay", Mr Hardiman, not "bullshit".'

In the thirties the 'blower' Bentleys were the pride of British motoring. Now with the launch of the £62,000 Mulsanne Turbo, this famous marque is all set to regain its place at the forefront of the sporting élite

Motoring with William Boddy

BENTLEY MULSANNE: TOP OF THE TURBOS

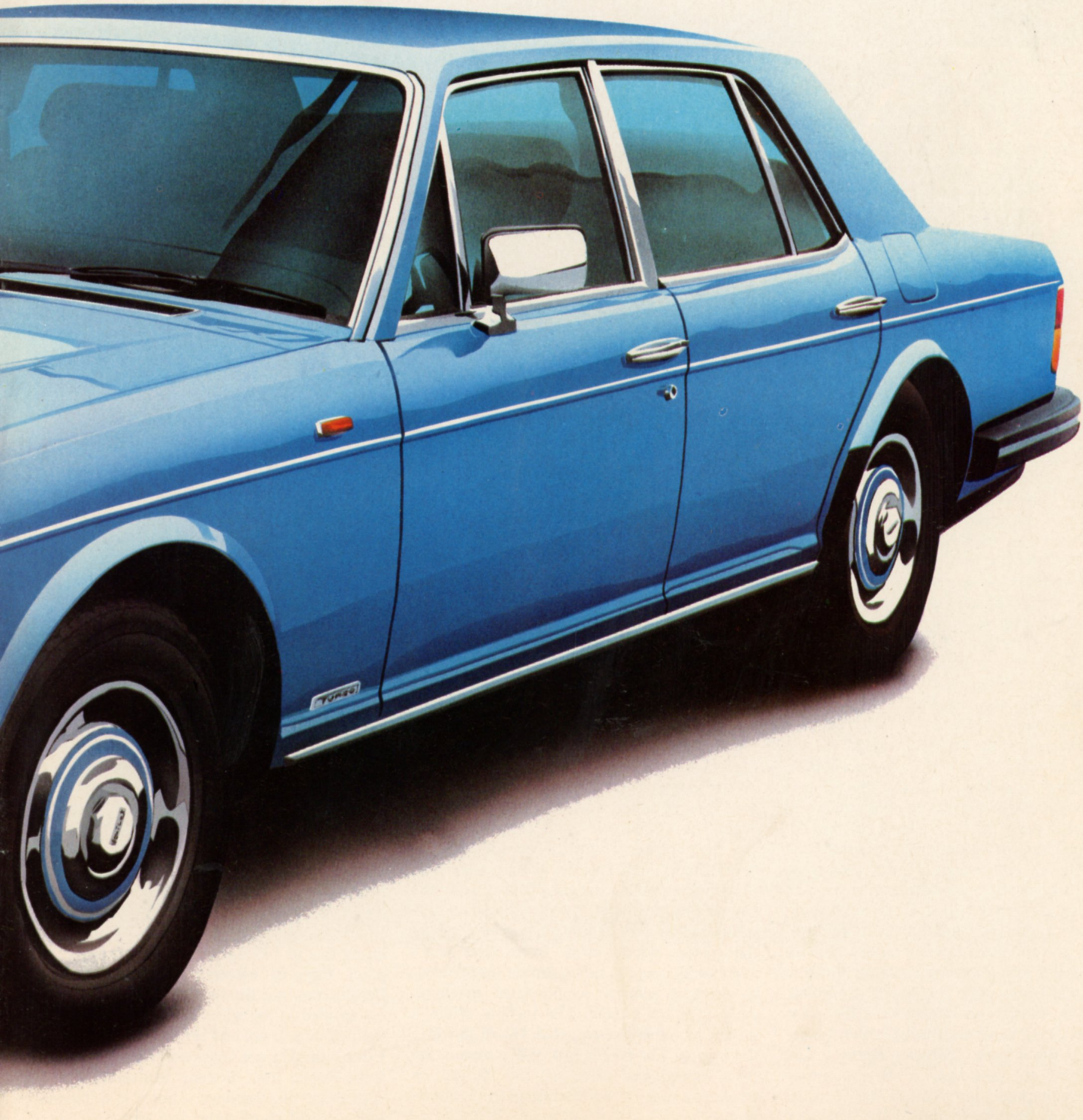


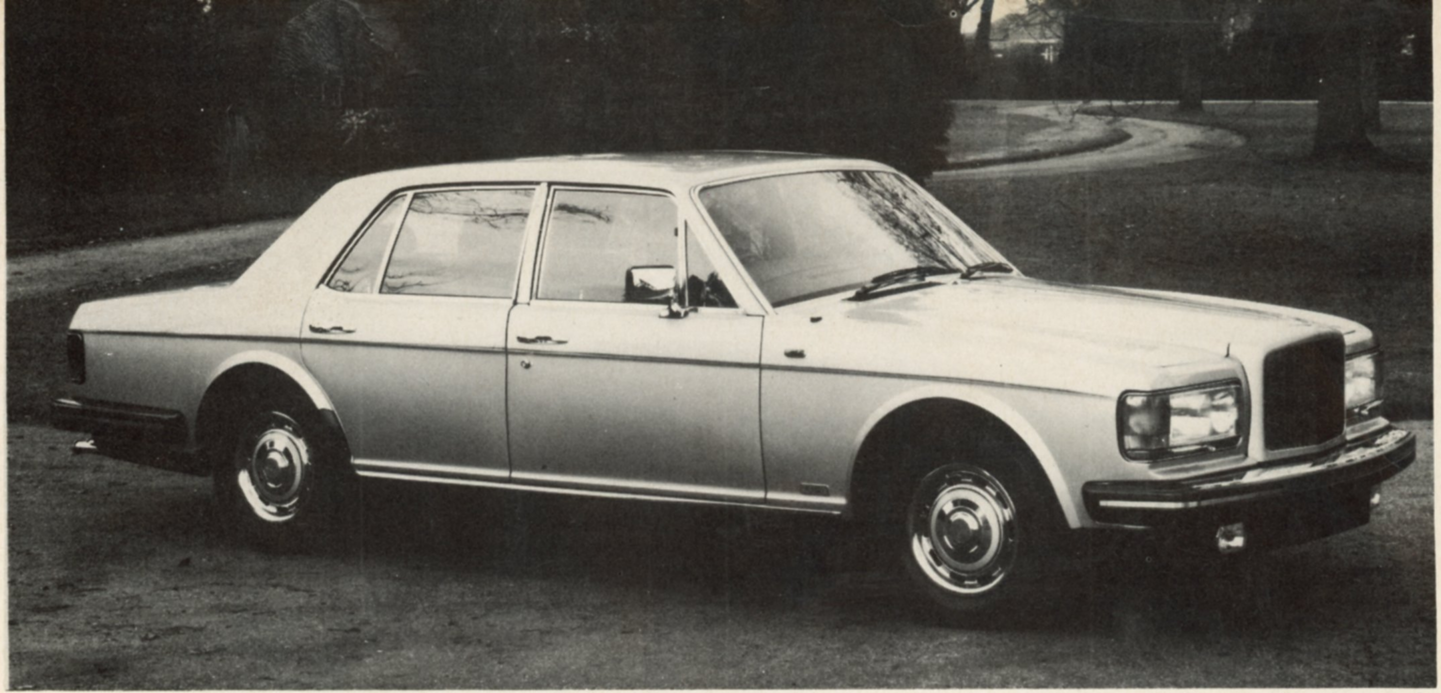
ILLUSTRATED BY PHILIP LEMON

Bentley – the name is one of the most revered amongst British sports-car marques. Consider the great green monsters that upheld national prestige at Le Mans and elsewhere in the the 1930's. Or the 'Silent Sports Car' made of Rolls-Royce parts after they had acquired Woolf Barnato's ailing Bentley Motors Limited. Then you will appreciate the Bentley heritage.

But all that is very much past history, warmly as it lives in the minds of Bentley fanatics. Now though the hallowed name is in the news again with the advent, a rare event in itself, of a new Bentley model – the Mulsanne Turbo. Still a product of Rolls-Royce, and therefore magnificent, but now it hails from the industrial complex of Crewe.

In recent times, while Rolls-Royce Motors have always listed a Bentley, for their discerning customers, these had for too long been simply the current RR model endorsed with a Bentley radiator. The joke is that this shapely 'cooler' cost considerably more than the classic Rolls-Royce radiator. Although I used to think, having seen how this is made, that the cloth-capped craftsmen who solder it up, using gas-flames to heat their soldering-irons, would be just as clever making boilers for miniature steam-locomotives. But I digress! The task this month is to describe to you the new Bentley Mulsanne Turbo, named like the former RR Bentleys after that very long straight at Le Mans, along which the faster of the modern sports cars do well over 200 mph. The old Walter Bentley overhead-camshaft 'dreadnoughts' won there in 1924, 1927, 1928, 1929 and 1930, the 'hat-trick' completed by a huge Speed-Six Bentley driven by the then Company Chairman, Woolf Barnato, partnered by the adventurous naval officer, Glen Kidston. They averaged 75.8 mph in winning this





The sleek Bentley Mulsanne Turbo which costs just under £62,000. With a top speed of 135mph it can go from standstill to 60mph in 7½ seconds.

hard race, covering over 1,821 miles during the day and night, pit-stops included. The previous year these Cricklewood Bentleys had come over the Le Mans finish-line in the first three places, like great battle-cruisers, Barnato this time partnered by the famous Sir Henry Birkin Bt, a sporting English gentleman to his toe nails and finger tips. They averaged 73.6 mph, again in a massive Speed-Six. In fact, it was all this expenditure on motor racing, which Barnato enjoyed so much when not playing cricket or piloting racing motor-boats, that broke the old Bentley Company and allowed Rolls-Royce to grab it.

Rolls-Royce had other ideas for the Bentley sports car in 1933, requiring their version of the car to be fast but quiet and refined, just like a Royce. They used push-rod valve gear to replace the vulgar overhead camshaft prodding (in their eyes) an unnecessary number of valves per cylinder, and later use was made of the overhead-inlet, side exhaust valve Rolls-Royce power unit for contemporary Bentley cars. But always with just that little extra over the adequate supply from the Rolls-Royce engine, to give the sporting connotation. Even these Rolls-Bentley 'Silent Sports Cars' had their moments of glory, as when the recently-deceased Eddie Hall drove his 1¼-litre Bentley unaided through a Le Mans marathon.

After the war the sporting image of the Bentley became tarnished in some people's view. The Rolls-Royce itself, the hushed Clubland carriage for the wealthy and well-informed, grew an ever-larger engine to maintain adequate speed and acceleration as its bodywork got heavier. Finally they went over to the vee-eight-cylinder engine popular in America, coupled to a General Motors' adapted automatic gearbox. There was always an equivalent Bentley model, with its distinctive if less imposing radiator. But this didn't add up to quite the sports car image craved by those who remembered the great Bentley racing achievements of former times.

The Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit was announced not long ago, as the epitome of all that constitutes the World's Best Car, in the most modern idiom. The Bentley Mulsanne concept of the Spirit was the same car but with the famed winged-B badge on its Bentley radiator. Fast, smooth, silent, but with not quite enough 'oomph' to satisfy every potential client. And I suppose, when you are marketing a car costing more than £52,000, as the Silver Spirit does, you need to woo as many clients as possible. It was to this end that the more powerful Bentley Mulsanne Turbo, using that same evocative name, was evolved.

When I was up at Crewe sampling a Spirit, I just happened to notice, outside the RR Experimental and Engineering Department, a turbocharged Buick. One didn't like to appear too inquisitive. But I suspected that a new Turbo Rolls-Royce would one day emerge. It has, as the Bentley Mulsanne Turbo. Turbocharging is not just a Formula One motor racing ploy. It is being used by many manufacturers of outwardly ordinary saloon cars as a comparatively easy way of obtaining more power from largely unchanged engines. From the little Renault Gordini 5 Turbo (£5,752) upwards, turbocharging is much in vogue, with Saab and Porsche among its early advocates. I have tried most of the Turbo cars and very impressive they are.

First can I tell the uninitiated what turbocharging is? A car engine burns a petrol/air gas normally pushed into its cylinders by atmospheric pressure, which you should have been told all about at school. As the inlet valves (or 'doors') admitting this gas flip up and down at phenomenal speed, there is a limit to how much power-producing gas the engine can take in at each gulp. If the gas can be *pumped in*, the power output rises substantially. The scheme used to consist of a pump, or supercharger, driven from the engine – those 'blown' sports cars of yore. A turbocharger takes this step further. It uses the gases, which issue from your car's exhaust pipe and in time corrode the silencer, to drive a turbine, unconnected mechanically with the engine. The turbine drives a pump, or supercharger, that forces gas into the engine. The power loss and complication of a *mechanical* drive for the 'blower' is obviated, with a worthwhile gain in horsepower.

That is what Rolls-Royce have done, with the Bentley Mulsanne Turbo motor. The 6.7 litre V8 engine, is endowed with a Garrett To4B turbocharger, blowing through a Solex 4A1 quadro-jet carburettor. All manner of internal changes have had to be made to ensure reliability with the increased power. I cannot tell you how much that increase is, for the simple reason that RR won't tell me. Tradition insists that they just call it 'adequate'. But the big engine, now re-geared to suit this improvement, develops its top power at quite modest rpm and the boost is controlled, to limit the road speed to about 135 mph. Acceleration has been notably improved, the Mulsanne Turbo going from standstill to 60 mph in just 7½ seconds. Yet all the dignity, the hush, the quality, remains. The turbo charger is noiseless, there is no turbo-lag, no vulgar exhaust noise – you just waft along. So here is an exciting new Bentley, its under-bonnet engineering impeccably carried out, its tyres up-rated for the new speed the Turbo possesses over Mulsanne counterpart, all for a mere £62,000. The ordinary Bentley Mulsanne costs the same £55,000 as a Rolls-Royce Silver Spirit – the extra cost of the 'sports' radiator no longer figuring. Incidently the turbo version is said to give about 5% better petrol consumption, if this matters!

The funny thing is that the new Bentley Mulsanne Turbo can be regarded as a supercharged Bentley, done the modern way. Now, back in the old days, WO Bentley couldn't abide the supercharging of his engines. But Birkin, supported by Barnato, made the famous 'Blower-4½' four-cylinder Bentleys when he wanted a faster sports-racing car, and these appeared in the Bentley catalogue. They were never all that impressive in races. But Birkin used a single-seater edition to crack the Brooklands lap-record, lifting this to 137.96 mph by 1932. Only the other day, at Silverstone, that self-same Bentley ran into the fencing when its present owner died at the wheel – a fitting way for a Bentley-boy to go, and the end of an era.

I don't think I am supposed to link the new Rolls-Royce built Bentley Mulsanne Turbo with those old Bentleys – but it is a 'blower Bentley' in its own right, and very nice too – for those with loads of lolly!

Long John
SCOTCH WHISKY
TEAM MERCURY
MERCURY

Wiepie Torenvliet
7
R6

Large picture: British competitor Mark Wilson racing his formula two ON craft in the Paris six-hour race. Clockwise from large picture: another spectacular inshore event is the Parker nine-hour Enduro held on the Colorado river where this American craft is racing. Above it, Wiep Torcuvliet of Holland seen driving at Britain's most popular venue, the Bristol docks, in a Class IV monohull. Top picture: Tom Percival in a formula one OZ rig also racing at Bristol in the Embassy Grand Prix. Right of it, John Hill of Britain, World OE (formula three) Champion, in the Paris six-hour event, and racing again this year after an accident.

Inshore powerboating is the fastest sport on water – these craft are even speedier than the massive offshore racers. They travel at up to 140 mph on a plywood hull one eighth of an inch thick. Now the sport is becoming fashionable as TV tracks the thrills and spills

INSHORE FOR ALL RISKS

Photographed by Steve Powell

It is quite simply the fastest sport on water. It is also the fastest growing and one of the most dangerous. Inshore powerboat racing has all the speed and thrills that appeal to drivers and spectators alike and whether it is taking place in the docks at Bristol or a cramped, flooded gravel pit in Surrey, there is one thing you can guarantee and that is action. It is not surprising that inshore powerboating is packed with thrills and spills when you realise what is involved. Racing one another on a tight circuit at speeds up to 140 mph in craft made from marine plywood only an eighth of an inch thick is not exactly a sedate activity. Especially when you add to the danger sudden changes of wind direction and current that even the most experienced drivers cannot predict, then it has a precariousness that even motor racing cannot match. After all motor racing circuits don't rise and fall with the tide or wind. But like most risky activities, once sampled it is easy to get hooked.

The first distinction to be made, however, is

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ROVERHIRE
TEAM SOMERSET MERCURY
KEN HODNALL

between the light, nippy inshore craft and their much larger offshore cousins who break through the waves of the Solent on the Cowes - Torquay - Cowes race. Whilst both are powerboats by name, they are as different as stock cars and formula one racing cars. An inshore boat is not built to deal with the big waves that their offshore relatives cope with. The thin plywood body is intended to skip along the surface of waters no rougher than lakes or harbours. Consequently they weigh only about 300lbs (an offshore boat can be anything up to five tons). Being lighter, an inshore boat can cope with much higher speeds. They easily manage 140mph on the straights, cornering at a comfortable 80mph. The offshore craft, battling through the waves, will not have a top speed of over 90mph but with the constant jolting from side to side, it might seem a good deal faster.

Naturally, inshore racing is also a lot cheaper. Offshore racing is for millionaires and even they might find the costs excessive; formula four inshore boats, second hand and ready to race can be picked up for as little as

18
Jon Knights
TEAM MERCURY

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EVINRUDE

Large picture, right: A bird's eye view of 'Jimbo' MacConnell racing in the Paris six-hour event. Top picture: American driver Jack Scott in trouble during the Parker nine-hour Enduro in Arizona. Below it, left: Jon Knights of Great Britain speeds through Bristol Docks in the Embassy Grand Prix. To his right is another British competitor Peter Inward in Paris. Bottom picture: this dramatic shot gives a perfect impression of the speed and thrill of modern inshore powerboat racing, which holds spectators on the shore spellbound as they watch the race.

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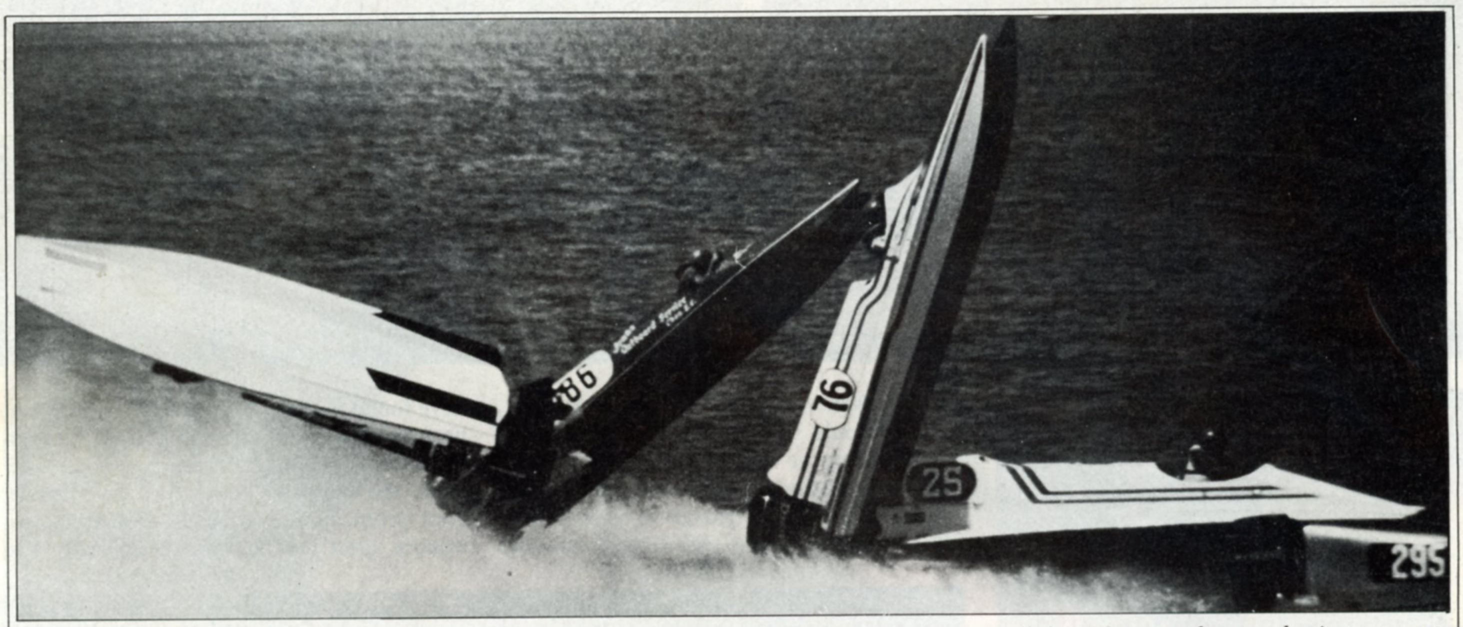
£1,000. A new 4,000cc formula one craft, though, would probably be closer to £6,000, not including an engine which will set you back a breathtaking £14,000. But if you should be dedicated enough to make it that far in the sport, you will almost certainly have found yourself a sponsor. You may not have to be a millionaire, but being a successful businessman might help.

Once the financial outlay has been made, your problems are only just beginning. An inshore craft will devour petrol and you

John Player Special
JPS

Top sequence: Four pictures showing Gerry Brinkett's spectacular barrel-roll crash at Bristol Docks in 1978. The large picture below it was taken at the Paris six-hour race with Roger Jenkins at the wheel. Far right: also in Paris, Billy Seebold in the John Player craft in which he won the World Championship. Bottom left: Inshore powerboat at full speed captured by Steve Powell.



Split-second photo freezes four-boat-pile up during a Miami contest. Such disasters are part of the risks powerboat enthusiasts accept.

could be beset by mechanical breakdowns which happen to even the best drivers. You will also have to judge to the crucial pound, exactly how much fuel to take on board. With craft as light as these, every ounce makes a difference. Then comes the critical stage – handling the boat in the water.

The speed of the craft, most of them are catamarans, is governed by the angle at which the boat is travelling. Most of the time, a mere 12 inches of the 18-foot long boat is all that will be in the water. Acceleration is achieved by altering the sponsons, or 'trimming' them to increase the angle of the boat in the water. Decreasing the angle will slow it. But even this is fraught with difficulty. A gust of wind as you accelerate can flip the boat over. Slowing down too quickly (an inshore boat can decelerate from 120mph to 80mph in seconds) will cause it to nose dive, water gushing over the boat and even forcing its way inside your helmet, universally considered an unpleasant experience. Another problem that could have you thrown from your boat (which is better than being trapped inside) is a gust of wind or unexpected current when turning. This will tip you over sideways, 'barrel-rolling' as it is called, which can put you out of a race. With luck, however, you could barrel-roll through 360° and land the right way up. This happens frequently, the driver just carrying on as if he had made no mistake at all.

If the prospect of controlling a craft under difficult conditions inspires you either as a driver or a spectator, you are lucky. Britain is considered to have some of the best powerboating events in the world. As well as club events held on practically every stretch of water in the country, and the home of many formula 4 and monohull racers, Britain also stages the sport's most prestigious race. The Embassy Grand Prix is held in the unpredictable waters of Bristol docks, a superb venue for spectators and drivers alike. A natural amphitheatre is formed by the harbour walls which provide ideal viewing spots. Naturally these same walls are something of an additional hazard to the drivers. It has been held now for over ten years but recently interest in the Grand Prix, increased even more when it was covered for the first time by BBC television. Viewers saw several flips, rolls and crashes, and tragically one fatality, as well as some really exciting racing. The switchboard was jammed with requests to show some more.

The Embassy Grand Prix is the Wimbledon of powerboating. All the big names of the sport are keen to win it and will get closer and closer to those frightening harbour walls to gain advantage. A driver like Billy Seebold will be within six inches of them at times. But another driver, John Hill, knows just how dangerous this can be. The wind caught his craft as he turned close to one of the walls. It reduced the left hand side of his boat to matchwood and crushed his right arm. But he will be racing again later this year.

That is typical of the dedication drivers need to practise the sport. 'Going professional' is very rare. In fact there are only three full-time pros in the business and they spend a good deal of the time designing boats for others or building them. So the sport relies upon the keen amateur. Men like Roger Jenkins, a rotund Welshman who runs a music business during the week and races for Carlsberg the rest of the time. John Hill, the man who came a cropper at Bristol, is a sign-writer by trade but he is equally as painstaking when at the wheel. A perfect example of how much care these amateur sportsmen take is seen before the race when it comes to selecting their propellers. The props are as important to powerboats as tyres are to motor racing drivers, and there are many different varieties reflecting different water conditions. Although they are only about eight inches across, the sharpness of the blades is crucial, so each driver hones his prop to perfection himself. After careful grinding, each blade is literally knife-sharp and it is impossible to pick them up by the edges without cutting yourself very badly. It is typical of the precision that the powerboat racer needs to exercise.

Yet to the outsider, this lavish care and attention may not be very obvious. Drivers appear to be a careful bunch with all the diversions of that other well known elite, the motor racing drivers. Powerboat men especially the most charismatic ones like Roger Jenkins also have their followers. But they like to point out the essential difference from the car racing set. The powerboat men are not prima-donna-like, they claim, always remaining the best of friends after the race. Even after a fellow competitor has given one of his opponents the 'dirty water' – that is cut in front of him spraying him with the 'rooster-tail' of wake from the boat – there's a good chance you will find them all together again enjoying the sponsor's donated alcohol. It's an elite community but a very friendly one which is probably not surprising when one considers that many of them have been on the circuit for ten years or more. One driver, though, has no problem with the unwanted female 'groupies' that some powerboat racers can grow to hate. That is because she is the only lady in big time racing. Fiona Brothers is the fastest woman on water and at only 27 has a great future ahead of her. The male drivers respect her not only for her undoubted beauty but for her courage. Recently she had a crash and discovered her leg impaled on a piece of wooden debris, but now it is just another incident to laugh over.

So what of the future of this sport? The answer is that it is very bright. TV interest, much loved by the sponsors, has at last been found and with it comes greater audiences, greater prize money and the development that other popular TV sports like darts and snooker have enjoyed. More money from the sponsors means more events to race at, adding to the meetings at Bristol, and the John Player event near Nottingham, as well as the great races abroad in Paris and Arizona. The boats themselves are open to a good deal of development. Unlike motor racing there is no limit to engine size, so perhaps where four-litre boats race now, giant ten-litre ones will follow. One thing is for certain; whatever their size, regardless of prize money or the risks they are taking there will be people who want to race boats as fast as they can – and to win.

QUEST

The laboratory of human response Volume Fourteen

In our third survey of the physical characteristics that men find attractive in women, we interview bottom-fanciers and their girls. They tell us how this common fascination with a specific part of the body has affected the way that their sexual relationships have developed.

INTERVIEW - 1

SHOP ASSISTANT, 32 years old, blonde, town of origin Letchworth

This interviewee worked in a variety of sales and reception jobs after leaving school at 16. She married at the age of 24 and at the time of the interview had just discovered she was pregnant for the first time.

Quest: What would you call your best feature?

Assistant: My bum, I suppose. You ought to ask my George. He says he married me for it.

Quest: You don't agree?

Assistant: I used to think I had quite a good bust, though it seems to have shrunk over the years. The baby should put that right! I've always had a good round posterior, though. I used to go riding a lot when I was fourteen or fifteen; I think that helped.

Quest: Is George the only man ever to have pointed it out?

Assistant: Oh no. I worked in a boutique once and the manager gave me an extra pound a day for wearing tight jeans all the time. That's absolutely true. And I won a best bum contest once.

Quest: How did you do that?

Assistant: Oh, it was just a daft thing at a party. We were messing about. I always get

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a bit naughty when I've had too much. I have to watch it.

Quest: What happened exactly?

Assistant: I can't remember it all. Someone stuck up a sheet with holes cut in and four or five of the girls there pulled up their skirts and stuck their bums through. The fellows had to decide who had the nicest. No – first they had to work out who each bum belonged to. That was it. Like I said, we were all pretty drunk.

Quest: So you just pulled your skirts up over your knickers?

Assistant: (Laughs) Me and another girl took ours off! I think that's why I won.

Quest: So you were showing everything?

Assistant: I don't know what I was showing – I had my head between my knees! I remember a couple of the fellows tried to take advantage. The boy I was with got quite upset. It was before I met George.

Quest: How did these others try to take advantage?

Assistant: Just a little stroke and a feel. They weren't trying to have it off with me! We weren't having an orgy. They were smashed like I was.

Quest: But George has a different attitude to you – and your bottom?

Assistant: He's a bum man, isn't he? He only wanted to stick a picture of it over the mantelpiece! I'm not joking, you know.

Quest: Was George always a keen amateur photographer?

Assistant: He was obsessed with it when I first met him. Talk about David Bailey. He had everything, all the lenses and the meters and umbrella things on tripods. He used to win prizes – in the local camera clubs. He's got rid of most of it now; it just got too expensive.

Quest: Did he take many pictures of you?

Assistant: All the time! I used to love it. Posing in all my naughty underwear. Flashing it all about. It used to get us both going. We had some lovely times. We even had the projector set up on the bedside table so we could show our slides when we were in bed. We kept the screen next to the chest of drawers.

Quest: You mean the pictures were part of your love making?

Assistant: We used to have randy Sunday afternoons in bed – after the pub. We'd pull the curtains and have a little show. I don't think we ever got through more than a couple of boxes! This was just after we got married – a bit before, too.

Quest: So how did Brian get involved in one of your Sunday afternoon sessions?

Assistant: I knew you were going to ask me that. It only happened once.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Assistant: Brian was George's best friend – I suppose he still is, though he's in Australia now; we haven't seen him for years. His work takes him all over the place. He was away when I first met George – in fact I think the first time I met him was at the registry office. He was George's best man.

Quest: What did you think of him?

Assistant: Well, it was awkward. I'll be quite honest because George knows all about it. I really loved George and I do even more now, and we had a lovely time in bed – better than I'd ever had before because I'd had a fair number of boyfriends. But Brian was something different. For a start he was a very nice bloke, a bit cheeky which I quite like anyway. And he was very good looking. That might put some women off because you think he's going to be a big head. But I fancied him like mad. The minute I first talked to him I had that feeling something was going to happen. You must know what I mean. It's not the best way to feel at your wedding reception!

Quest: Did you tell George?

Assistant: Oh yes. I told him I fancied Brian – I suppose I didn't say how much. It was a sort of running joke with us. If I got fed up with George Brian could always whisk me away. Brian was always round after we got married. He was a bum man too, you see. Brian was always saying 'Saw a fantastic pair of cheeks on the bus this morning,' and then he and George would be off. They were always teasing me.

> ❛We were all laughing about bottoms. George said he wanted to be reminded of just how curvy mine was❜

Quest: How did the Sunday incident arise?

Assistant: Brian was sharing a flat about a mile away from us and we used to meet in the pub Sunday lunchtimes. He was usually too busy in the evenings with his girlfriends. Sometimes he'd bring along whoever he was going out with. He did that on Sunday – a very pretty girl, but she and Brian obviously weren't getting on too well. He could be a devil in situations like that and he was flirting quite a bit with me. Only in a friendly way, but his girlfriend didn't see it like that. When she went off to the loo, Brian said, 'That's what comes of choosing a girlfriend for her nice arse.' 'Oh I don't know,' said George, 'I didn't do so badly'. I was sort of pooh-poohing all this. Because of the atmosphere we all drank more than usual. I know, by the time we'd said goodbye to Brian and the girl and George and I got back to our flat, I was practically reeling. We were laughing about bottoms too and George said it was time he reminded himself how nice mine was. So we went into the bedroom and set the screen up. Then we made it dark and took off our clothes and got into bed.

Quest: Did you make love?

Assistant: Almost at once. George got out his extra rude box of slides, where I do a kind of striptease, and we'd only shown two or three as we cuddled up before we were at it. It was very fast and frantic, almost a quickie. It's lovely like that sometimes. I remember feeling so randy and wet I hardly needed any help at all. I just wanted to feel him in me. It must have been all the booze in the pub – and flirting with Brian too. Afterwards we just sort of wallowed in each other. I really felt I could go on all afternoon, but George needed a little rest, so we got some drinks from the fridge and started to look through more slides. That was when the doorbell went.

Quest: Who was that?

Assistant: Brian, of course. George answered it. Apparently Brian had had a bust-up with his girlfriend – about me! So George gave him a drink and invited him to come and watch our slides in the bedroom.

Quest: While you were still in bed?

Assistant: Oh yes. George only had a sheet round him. He got back into bed, and Brian plonked himself down on my side. He was still a bit drunk and a bit upset too.

Quest: You didn't object?

Assistant: No, I didn't mind. I suppose I was still a bit fruity. I wasn't showing anything: I was all wrapped up. So we had some drink and George showed us the slides.

Quest: How rude were they?

Assistant: Most of them were of my bottom! I suppose I wasn't wearing anything in about half of them. I should have shown you really. They're upstairs somewhere now.

Quest: Weren't you embarrassed?

Assistant: No, not really, If I'd looked awful I would have been, but they were nice pictures. Then Brian got into bed.

Quest: How did he manage that?

Assistant: George told him to.

Quest: He got in fully clothed?

Assistant: No! I didn't want his dirty shoes on the sheets. I told him to take them off first, so he did. Then he pulled off his shirt and his jeans, and got in.

Quest: Next to you?

Assistant: On my side – It was a big bed.

Quest: And he was lying next to you, naked?

Assistant: He kept his pants on.

But you must have been very aware of him against your body – I assume you were still covered up?

Assistant: Of course, I was! Only his leg was touching me. It was just nice and cosy.

Quest: You weren't aware how sexy it was?

Assistant: I knew it was sexy, but I didn't think, 'Oh good, now Brian and George can both screw me!' It wasn't like that. We were just larking about. Half the time I had my hand on George's thingy under the sheet. That's how much I encouraged Brian.

Quest: Did George have an erection?

Assistant: He got stiffer in my hand, yes.

Quest: When were you aware that something more might happen?

Assistant: When Brian started playing with himself.

Quest: Playing with himself!

Assistant: (Laughs) George put on the slide box with what he called his 'classic bum shots', and he and Brian were laughing and going, 'Corr. Look at that one. What an arse!' Then George said, 'Really gets you going, doesn't she, eh Brian?' 'I should say so,' said Brian, and he started jerking his hand up and down under the bed clothes, as if he was – you know – wanking. I was shrieking at him to stop it. George told him he was a filthy swine and sprang across me and started pulling at Brian's sheet. Then it slipped off Brian's legs and he had his hand in his pants over an enormous bulge. He was grinning and saying, 'I can't help it, can I? She's marvellous, she's gorgeous.' That's when the pillow fight started.

Quest: Who against who?

Assistant: Everyone against everyone. We were yelling and screaming and bouncing all over the bed.

Quest: So you were uncovered?

Assistant: I had both of them chasing me round the bed at one point! Then we all flopped in a great heap in the middle of it, hot and panting. I was so knackered I almost dozed off.

Quest: What positions were you in?

Assistant: I was on my tummy and George was lying across me. Brian was next to me. Then after a bit George moved and he said to Brian, 'Better in the flesh, isn't it?' And patted my bottom. I didn't hear Brian say anything. George said, 'Go on,' and then I felt Brian's hand caress one of my cheeks.

Quest: Did you mind that?

Assistant: It was like an electric shock. I woke up completely. He felt burning hot. He said very softly, 'So warm and round.' And I turned my head. He was kneeling next to me and his pants had been dragged right down over his thighs. I found myself looking head on at this great bare, you know ... thing. Brian was staring at me with this almost pleading look, as if he was frightened. His face was glowing. And I knew he wanted to do it with me.

> ‘He started stroking my back and thighs with both hands. Then one brushed across my tingly bottom’

Quest: What about you?

Assistant: I felt sort of gripped, as if it was going to happen whatever I wanted, even though I did want him. Then George reached out and squeezed my hand and began to stroke my shoulder. As if he were telling me it was alright if I wanted to. So we did it.

Quest: You had intercourse with Brian?

Assistant: He started stroking my back and my cheeks and the back of my thighs with both hands. Then one hand brushed over my bottom crack and his finger touched the edge of my pussy. That was when he kissed my back and then each of my cheeks. I felt like a taut wire. I just lay there shivering. It was all almost too real; it felt too much.

Quest: But you went on?

Assistant: When Brian stopped kissing me he moved right behind me and I must have arched my back and lifted my bottom because something stiff and burning touched right between my bottom cheeks and I knew it was him. I didn't think about anything after that; I just wanted it. He began to slide his length up and down my crack. I could feel how moist I was and how urgent he was becoming. Then I think I said something, like, 'Please, don't tease –' And he gripped my thighs and brought his cock under me and slid it straight into me. It went so smoothly I remember thinking it must have been made for me, but it was just because I was so worked up. Then he began pumping it in and out. I was just gasping and thrashing about. It was beautiful.

Quest: Where was George during all this?

Assistant: Still next to us, holding my shoulder. I had my eyes closed but I reached out my hand and touched his leg. Then I felt him and he was enormous, so I squeezed him while Brian did it to me. That was almost as exciting as being fucked. To feel George like that. Then Brian began to gasp and I knew he was going to come in me, so I squeezed George even harder and as Brian let go I felt George jump and spurt in my hand. I don't think I've had a more exciting moment.

Quest: Have you repeated it?

Assistant: No. We were all a bit sheepish afterwards. We didn't really mention it again. I just know that even if I was unfaithful, George was there and he understood. I can't see it happening again.

Quest: Thank you.

INTERVIEW - 2

SALES REPRESENTATIVE, 29, town of origin Worcester

This – male – interviewee trained as an engineering draughtsman but moved into sales. He now works for a Midlands firm selling computer software to small businesses, work which involves travelling widely. He lives with his girlfriend.

Quest: Can you define the appeal of a well-shaped female bottom?

Representative: Define it? God. A nice bum – it's got to be round and firm, not bony or droopy or oval – just biteable. But how can you explain an emotional reaction? All I know is I nearly caused a pile-up the other day, trying to stay behind this girl cycling in black and white striped Bermuda shorts. That was a gorgeous arse.

Quest: Have you always like bottoms?

Representative: As far as I can remember. I mean, I wouldn't kick a nice pair of tits out of bed, but a good round bum with a nice slim back on top of it has always turned me on. I know you're supposed to be a repressed bum-boy if you're that keen, but I've never hankered after male buttocks. Girl's ones are much too nice. And they don't let you down.

Quest: What do you mean?

Representative: Let's say that bras these days can do wonders for a figure. I don't mean with lots of padding – you get a good idea of that in the first grapple. I mean uplift. There was a chambermaid I met in a hotel up north: about eighteen, a lovely little blonde with a beautiful figure, tits you wouldn't believe – not by looking at her uniform anyway. I took her out to dinner and she sneaked back to my room afterwards – I was quite proud of that. It's instant dismissal for screwing around with the guests. After a half bottle of Bells I stripped her. And let's say it was disappointing.

Quest: Why?

Representative: Well, she was good thirty eight inches plus and with a bra on you'd think you'd never get your hands round them. But without a bra they just flopped into her armpits – really useless great udders. I know I sound like a shit – the woman can't help it – but I couldn't help thinking, "If she's like this at eighteen how's she going to be at thirty?"

Quest: And that put you off, did it?

Representative: Oh no. I'm not that much of a shit. We were fucking half the night. That's another funny thing. I reckon I put on a better show with a girl I only half fancy – so she won't find out – than I do with someone I do. It's crazy. My point is that with a good arse you're very rarely surprised that way. If a girl looks good in skin-tight jeans, especially when she can't be wearing knickers, she'll look just as good without them. It even works with jump suits.

Quest: In what way?

Representative: When they first came in I thought it was like sack dresses coming back. How can you tell what a woman looks like in a boiler suit? But it's amazing how a good figure wins through. I used to know this sales demonstrator – we hired her for a show at the NEC. A really smart-looking girl – actually she looked better than she demonstrated – on the stand anyway. She had a really slim figure and she wore this thin, lurex-type jumpsuit. It was quite loose over her bum and when she moved you could see her bum cheeks making little mounds with a nice crack in between. I assumed she had to have a small bony bum to get that effect. Not true.

Quest: You found out?

Representative: We stayed late to clear up after the show, then we had a drink and I ran her home – and found out. Actually the nicest thing I found out was she didn't wear a stitch underneath it.

Quest: No underclothes at all?

Representative: Absolutely. Mind you, it was like a steam bath in there with the crowds – I didn't blame her. We started snogging on the sofa and I could feel her nipples through the material. That's when she told me. I still couldn't believe it, so she stood up and began pulling the zip down at the front. That was fantastic. Lovely, warm, tanned flesh all the way from her throat to the top of her crutch. She did it so slowly too, loving it – a born stripper. I had a stand past my belt by the time she'd finished. I could just see the sides of her nipples – nice big stubby ones – and the curves of little, round apple-sized tits – she didn't really have a cleavage. The zip stopped just over the start of her pubes: a line of little dark, wispy curls. And that was when the phone rang.

Quest: Did that ruin everything?

Representative: It made it! The phone was on a table next to the sofa. She moved behind it and leaned over to pick up the receiver. It was her mother apparently. So, while she was chatting away, I got up, stood behind her and started peeling the jump suit over her shoulders.

Quest: She didn't object?

Representative: She didn't have much choice. It was half a joke, anyway, to start with, because she was trying not to giggle. Then, when I got the suit down to her waist and started kissing her back, she was trying not to breathe too loudly. I could hear her mother saying, 'Are you alright, dear? You sound a bit hoarse.' Then I got it down over her arse and she was standing there bollock naked – and that was that. The sweetest, roundest most gorgeous little arse I'd seen in years. Slightly heart-shaped it was, to be accurate. I knelt down and kissed it and began stroking the insides of her thighs. In a minute I reached her pussy, ran my finger very lightly along the lips – she almost jumped over the sofa, but she was sodden, burning for it. So I just dropped my trousers, bent her forward so that she was leaning over the sofa back, eased her legs apart – she had nice legs too – and slipped in Percy. As I had her she was panting away like a mare on heat, stifling these little moans and griding her pussy down onto my cock as I fucked it. That's the best thing about doing it from behind. I'm a bit of a voyeur and you can actually watch your shaft squeezing between a girl's hairy lips, all slidey – that turns me on almost as much as actually screwing.

> ‘It was the ultimate for me. Three naked girls all kneeling down with their bottoms up in the air’

Quest: Did you manage to finish?

Representative: Oh yes. The girl came – she almost collapsed too. Her mother was getting quite frantic. 'Are you sure you're alright, Fran. You sound so odd,' she was saying. I told her to say she had to go because someone was coming. Then, as I shot my load, she reached down between her legs and slipped a couple of fingers round the base of my cock so she could feel me pumping into her. It was great.

Quest: Did these incidents occur while you were living with your girlfriend?

Representative: Yes, they did.

Quest: So she doesn't object?

Representative: Well, I don't exactly boast about them. We have an agreement. If we're still together when I'm thirty then we'll probably settle down.

Quest: Meanwhile you're making hay?

Representative: To be honest I've slowed down a bit in the last couple of years. But I've still one big ambition.

Quest: What's that?

Representative: I saw a still from a film once in a magazine. There were three nude girls kneeling down with their bums in the air, and this one naked bloke was kneeling behind the middle one, giving it to her doggy-fashion. The idea was he was doing all three, one after the other until he shot his lot. That's what I want to do. That's the ultimate for me.

Quest: What are your chances?

Representative: Reasonable, I'd say. I've got two thirds of the way there. That was on a singles' holiday in Greece two years ago, and I'm going again this summer – on my own.

Quest: What happened last time?

Representative: I was staying in a villa and there were more girls than boys, which isn't supposed to happen. Anyway a group of about seven of us used to go to the same bit of beach every day. I arrived a bit late and the others had more or less paired off, so I got stuck with two girls from Newcastle – friends, they were, student teachers. One was called Judy, a slim, quite pretty little redhead; her friend was Sue, a little curly-haired blonde, not unattractive, but she had no tits and a really huge arse, a proper pear-shape. She obviously didn't think she stood as good a chance as Judy with fellows, so she tended to stick close and giggle a lot. I saw her in her bathing costume and, even if her arse was big for her, it was a lovely shape, nice and meaty without any sag. It was Judy who did most of the flirting – and you could see Sue accepted it, which struck me as a pity – because Judy's arse wasn't bad but a bit boyish. The one time I got her away on her own was after we'd all been to a disco. Judy and I got separated on the way back to the villa, and went for a walk on the beach and ended up screwing. It just happened and that was fine, but I remember her saying how sorry she felt for Sue who never seemed to get off with anyone.

Quest: So you decided to remedy that?

Representative: I'd quite liked to have done that in the first place, but screwing Judy gave me the feeling she wouldn't have minded me having a go at her mate. A couple of days after that, we were all invited to a local wedding in the village. We weren't that special – everybody is apparently invited as a general thing. And it was great – music, dancing and unbelievable amounts of booze. The girls and I were on ouzo, real mind rot. I've really no memory of leaving, but all three of us ended up on the beach, very, very pissed. Then Judy suggested we go skinny-dipping. I don't know if that was the drink or the fact she wasn't shy with me anymore after what we'd done. It was moonlight but we were round the far end of the bay; nobody around. Judy and I started stripping. Sue was obviously a bit uncertain – I don't know what Judy had told her about me. But we bullied her into it and in a minute we were running giggling into the sea. It was fantastic, quite sobering. There was a bit of messing about. Judy tried to grab my old man and I managed to get my hands on Sue's bottom underwater – she was giggling hysterically. Then we swam into some fresh-water coming from a stream in the hills. It was like ice, really freezing, and we couldn't get out of it. We ended up running out the water and collapsing shivering in a heap. Judy got me to rub some warmth into her back with my tee shirt, so I did, and after a while to my surprise it became obvious my old man was on the rise.

Quest: Where was Sue?

Representative: Sitting next to us. I could see her getting twitchy as Judy started to get turned on. I was rubbing down her tits by then and Sue was looking very obviously in the other direction. Then Judy and I lay down and had a little cuddle. We were kissing and I was stroking her tits and her tummy and working down to her bare pussy, when she looked up toward Sue. That was when she nodded towards her.

Quest: Judy invited you to seduce Sue?

Representative: How else could you take it? I got up, moved over to her and kissed Sue on the shoulder. She nearly jumped out of her skin, so I said she must be cold too, I ought to give her a rub. She was still unsure, blinking at me, then at Judy, trembling when I started to rub her back. She didn't stop when I got her to lie on her stomach and used my tee shirt to dry down to her waist, then onto her bum. That was when I told her what a fabulous arse she had.

Quest: What was Judy doing then?

Representative: Lying there, watching, smiling. Then I started to stroke the insides of Sue's thighs, moving up into her bum crack, letting my tee shirt trail over her cunt. And she began breathing heavily, then making little whimpering noises. I leaned over and kissed her back and my stiff prick touched against her arse. And suddenly she was all over me, we were grappling in the sand. It was like turning on a tigress. God knows when she'd last screwed. She got her hand on my prick and was wanking it, begging me for it. And that was when I turned her over onto her tummy again, got her to open her legs and slipped into her pussy from behind. Her bum felt as good as it looked in the moonlight, and she'd come in about half a dozen strokes. She sprawled there, gasping, then Judy tugged my elbow suddenly and whispered, 'Have you gone?' I shook my head – I suppose it was that subconsciously I'd realised Sue wouldn't be on the Pill. And Judy said, 'Well do me then as well!' So I pulled out of Sue while Judy got down beside me on her elbows and knees – we hadn't done it that way before – and I pushed straight into her. I must admit I couldn't hump for long – I came very quickly, but Judy seemed more than pleased that I'd made Sue come. This summer, with a bit more warning and less booze, I reckon I'll be alright – if I can find three willing ladies.

Quest: Thank you, and good luck.

INTERVIEW - 3

HAIRDRESSER, 21 years old, brunette, town of origin West Bromwich

This interviewee works from home in a freelance capacity. Since leaving school at 16 she has had several jobs, including barmaid, waitress, go-go dancer and stripper. She shares a flat with another girl.

Quest: It's not often we ask an interviewee to describe their clothes, but I'd be grateful if you would.

Hairdresser: The jacket is black leather with side zips and a zip up front. The pants are turquoise stretch ciré and the boots are thigh boots but turned over because they came too high on me. They're in PVC, wet look. They cost me a bomb, though I really wanted patent leather.

Quest: Can I ask your measurements?

Hairdresser: 34-23-34

Quest: I have to say the clothes you're wearing show virtually every inch of you.

Hairdresser: Thank you.

Quest: Do you normally dress as individually?

Hairdresser: When I go out, yes. I've got the jacket because I got a lift here on a friend's bike. I usually wear more of a blouse top.

Quest: How do you manage to get such a smooth line in the pants? Doesn't your underwear ever show?

Hairdresser: I'm not wearing any. You can't wear anything under pants like these. They'd ruin the line.

Quest: They draw particular attention to your bottom.

Hairdresser: Yes.

Quest: You intended that?

Hairdresser: I think my bottom's quite good. My boobs aren't bad, but it's not as if they're enormous like some girls.

Quest: Would you call yourself an exhibitionist?

Hairdresser: Yes, I would.

Quest: And yet, talking to you, you seem quite shy.

Hairdresser: I *am* shy. I find it very difficult talking to people, especially people I don't know. I could never chat up anyone at a party, for instance, no matter how much I fancied them. But showing myself off is completely different. That's why I did stripping. It's like a marvellous sort of release.

> ‘He caught hold of me and pulled me down on his lap. Then he spanked me with his free hand – quite hard’

Quest: But you stopped doing it?

Hairdresser: I only did it a few times in local pubs where I'd already done some dancing. But I had a bad experience. Some drunks tried to climb up on the stage and some glasses got broken and I cut my leg. It didn't really pay very much either. I'd do it again, though, if it was somewhere nicer, in a proper club, say. Cliff and I are always talking about this dance routine we'd like to do together.

Quest: Cliff is your boyfriend?

Hairdresser: Yes. He's half black and a fantastic dancer. He could earn a living at it if he trained. I'm always on at him to try.

Quest: What kind of routine did you have in mind?

Hairdresser: The sort of thing Hot Gossip do. Very exotic, quite kinky, except I would do a complete strip. There'd be a lot of chains and leather, perhaps some whips. One of our ideas is a kind of mistress and slave spanking thing – only a pretend thing, of course – not for real!

Quest: He would spank you?

Hairdresser: Pretend to, yes.

Quest: We're back to your bottom again.

Hairdresser: Mmm.

Quest: Does the idea of spanking have any special appeal for you?

Hairdresser: I don't like the idea of feeling any pain. I wouldn't want to feel any more than a nice tingle. My first boyfriend used to smack me.

Quest: Tell me about him.

Hairdresser: His name was Rick. He was a friend of my brother's and I fancied him like mad. We all used to go out a lot, especially ten-pin bowling – this was when I was still at school. He was about 20, which really seemed mature then. Every time I messed up a shot because even the smallest bowls were too heavy for me he used to joke that he'd whip down my knickers for me and give me a good spanking.

Quest: Purely as a joke?

Hairdresser: Oh yes. He had a girlfriend; she was 19 – they more or less lived together at his flat. *I* wasn't joking. He could have done anything with me.

Quest: Did he?

Hairdresser: My brother was always round Rick's flat. I used to call there for him quite often. One Sunday we were all supposed to be going to the pub, meeting at the flat first. My brother went down to London on the Saturday to see some girl and he was coming straight back there. We both lived at home then. But when I got to Rick's there was only Rick there. His girlfriend was seeing her parents. We sat around and waited for my brother. Then he rang up and said he wouldn't be back till the evening. By then it was almost closing time so Rick opened some beers he had, and we had a game of darts – he had a board in his hallway. Except I was useless at it because I'd never played properly before, and he started on about smacking my bottom again if I didn't try harder.

Quest: Did you and did he?

Hairdresser: I made sure I was *really* bad. We ended up having a chase round the flat, finishing up in the living room. He caught hold of me, sat down on the edge of an armchair and pulled me over his lap. Then he spanked me with his hand – quite heavily, actually.

Quest: What were you wearing?

Hairdresser: A skirt, denim, I think. I had knickers on underneath, but he pulled up the skirt.

Quest: How did you react?

Hairdresser: Oh I made a big fuss, but I was really turned on. My knickers were really damp afterwards.

Quest: Did Rick feel the same?

Hairdresser: At first we were both just laughing and shouting but after he'd smacked me about five or six times he got quieter – we both did. I think my knickers had squeezed down a bit. He didn't smack me so hard. It turned into a sort of slow fondle. And I felt him get stiff through his lap. Then he started to push his fingers under the edge of the knickers, at the top. Neither of us were making any noise then. It was one of those sort of electric moments. Then he didn't pretend any more and slipped his fingers into the top of my crack. It was like everything went still. I daren't move. He brought one finger down, very slowly, very gently and brought it right between my legs and began to stroke me. After a bit he slipped the tip of it inside me and began to do me. It was incredible, like a dream. That was the first time I had a climax.

Quest: You didn't have intercourse?

Hairdresser: I think we would have done if the phone hadn't rung again and it was Rick's girlfriend. That sort of ended it all. But we did later.

Quest: Were you a virgin then?

Hairdresser: No. But the first time was just boring. Someone I didn't really like. Rick is my real first.

Quest: And Cliff is different again?

Hairdresser: Oh, yes. I had a bad time when I did the stripping because you'd get a lot of

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guys trying to take you out after seeing the performance. And it was just a kind of ego trip for them. I went through a lot of them before I twigged that. Then I wouldn't go out with anyone for nearly six months. I met Cliff at a party and he asked me out without knowing anything about my pub work. I told him I'd done some dancing; that was all. That was all we talked about at first. In fact I used the dancing to seduce him.

Quest: You seduced *him*?

Hairdresser: I think that's the first time I'd ever done that. Once I'm in bed with someone I don't have any inhibitions at all. But they have to make the first move.

Quest: Why didn't you with Cliff then?

Hairdresser: I just felt completely confident with him, almost at once. It was weird in a way. We got on incredibly well. In fact the first time we went out we talked ourselves to sleep at my flat. We literally fell asleep in each other's arms and in the morning we both had to rush off to work. So the next time I decided I'd get things going.

> 'I leant over the back of the chair, bending forward because my bottom looks at its roundest like that'

Quest: How?

Hairdresser: We went out for a meal and we were working out this ideal dance routine, like Hot Gossip, which we both thought was terrific. Cliff kept getting up and demonstrating next to the table – we nearly got thrown out! Then we went back to my flat to try it out – my flatmate was staying with her boyfriend; I made sure of that. We cleared the furniture back in the living room and I put on some music. It was the piece I used in the pubs but I didn't tell Cliff that. I got a long mirror out the hall and put it up against the door so we could see ourselves better. Then we stripped for action.

Quest: You took your clothes off?

Hairdresser: I took off my skirt and tights and shoes. I left my tee shirt on. Cliff took his shirt off, and his shoes. He had jeans on too. Then we took turns. It was great.

Quest: Did Cliff like the way you danced?

Hairdresser: We each thought we were fantastic. He said he loved the way I moved my bum, which I thought was nice. And after about half an hour or so I took my tee shirt off.

Quest: So what were you wearing then?

Hairdresser: My bra and knickers. Quite nice pale frilly ones.

Quest: Was that part of your seduction plan?

Hairdresser: Sort of. I was quite hot too by then. Cliff perked up, though, and he said it would be good if we worked in a sort of striptease, and then we went onto a spanking idea, because that way I could show off my bottom more. So we found a piece of string in the kitchen and we walked through a routine with Cliff pretending to lash my bum with it. Then I put the record back to the beginning again and I got Cliff to leave his jeans off. He was even hotter than me.

Quest: How did that strike him?

Hairdresser: In any other situation with any other bloke he'd have been all over me. But it was different doing what we were doing. It was still very sexy, even more sexy in fact.

Quest: So you're both in underclothes now.

Hairdresser: And we went into the routine, except I started to work in my strip act. Cliff was great. He just started grinning and moved in with my movements perfectly. First of all I shimmied down in front of him, my back to him, so he could unclip my bra. Then I brought his hands round to lift it off my boobs. I wiggled all round him, stroking him, and I could see his pants start to bulge. Then I bent forward in front of him again while he pretended to thrash me and wiggled my bottom each time and gradually smoothed down my knickers. Then I finished the way I used to when I was feeling quite turned on on stage, which was kneeling first, then twisting round onto my bottom to face the audience and smoothing my hand over my pussy and gradually opening my legs wider and wider and finally taking my hand away. Poor Cliff! He just gaped at me. And his thing was really huge in his pants. I could see it sticking straight up. Then, as the music stopped, his little round red knob poked out the top of the elastic. We both stayed where we were, really hot and panting. Finally I nodded at his pants and said, 'They're not doing much good, are they?' Cliff seemed hypnotised. So I got up and stretched, then I turned and leaned against the back of an armchair, bending forward slightly, because I knew my bottom looks its best like that. And I said, 'Do you think I'd show too much if I bent over like this for the whipping bit on stage?' And suddenly we were away.

Quest: You had sex?

Hairdresser: I just felt this hot breath on my bare shoulder. I turned my head only a bit and Cliff was right behind me. His pants were lying behind him on the carpet. He said very quietly, 'You're beautiful, you're really beautiful.' He kissed the back of my neck, then my shoulder and his right hand came under me and held my breast. his left hand trailed down my back with almost a feather touch – it was gorgeous. It went round the curve of my bottom and onto the inside of my thigh. 'And you've got the most beautiful bottom I've ever seen,' he whispered. Then he brought his whole hand up and held it over my pussy. I stood there absolutely stock still. I knew if he didn't do something quickly my insides would just melt. 'Why don't you show me how nice it is,' I said. And his cock slid up between my legs and I looked down and saw the tip poking through my pussy hair in front. I reached down, went up on tiptoe and pushed it between my lips. Then he slid straight into me, so straight and hard and fierce I almost cried. I felt his balls squash up against my bottom. And he held my hips and we had our first fuck, standing up like that. It was fantastic.

Quest: Thanks to your sexy bottom.

Hairdresser: Well, I don't think it's a routine we'll ever do on stage. Not all of it, anyway.

Quest: Thank you.

Gentlemen, that reminds me...

Feeling in need of male company, a young lady went out on the town to see what she could find. She went into a night club and had a few drinks, then out of the corner of her eye she spotted a man she quite took a fancy to. She walked boldly over to him.

'Would you like to come back to my place and make love to me?' she asked. The man's heart skipped a beat and hardly believing his luck, he croaked, 'Yes, please.' They had another drink and as the young man eyed the small elegant lady up and down his confidence increased.

They arrived back at her place and she poured them both a brandy. Handing him his glass, she slowly but deliberately began to undress. Not wishing to stare at her, he glanced around the room and suddenly his eyes were caught by three plaques on the wall each containing a man's head. He turned to her, smiling.

'Why on earth have you got those heads on the wall?' he asked. She swung round angrily and snapped, 'These men were all under five inches long.' The young man choked on his drink, knowing that his was only three inches.

At that moment the girl sauntered into the bedroom and lay on the bed, purring, 'Come on, lover, make me, make me.' As quick as he could he dashed into the kitchen to look for something that could replace his insufficient penis. To his delight, he found a nine inch cucumber in the fridge. He walked back to the bedroom as casually as he could with his hands behind his back. The girl lay back, closing her eyes.

'Go on, give it to me,' she sighed. 'Fill me up.' The young man took the cucumber and thrust it as far as he could up her and the girl let out a cry of sheer delight.

'Ooh that's what I like, a man who uses his fingers first.'

'I believe you have the wrong number,' said the man into the phone. 'You'll have to call the weather report for the information.'

'Who was that?' his wife asked.

'Some guy wanting to know if the coast was clear'.

When she fell in the pool, hapless Annie
Was spotted by randy young Danny.
He managed to save her,
Then gallantely gave her
The kiss of life – right on her fanny!

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

What would you do if an elephant came in the window?

Start swimming.

A pretty young lady jumped into a taxi near Kings Cross station and asked to be taken to Battersea. However, when the driver looked in the mirror he saw that the girl was completely naked.

'But you've got no clothes on!' he gasped. 'How are you going to pay?'

So saying the not-so-innocent girl pointed between her legs.

'With that,' she said.

'Oh,' replied the driver, 'haven't you got anything smaller?'

Why do girls have difficulty counting up to 70?

Because 69 is such a mouthful.

A young wife was sick and tired of watching her husband go to the pub with the boys so she decided to arrange a similar evening out with her girl friends once a week. After their first 'hen night' she returned home with a brand new mink coat. Naturally her husband was suspicious.

'Where did you get that?' he barked.

'I won it in a raffle,' replied his wife hastily.

The next week the girls went out again and this time, she returned with a new pearl necklace. Again the husband demanded where she had acquired it and his wife once more claimed that she had won it in a raffle.

Just before her third night out, her husband decided to help her get ready by running a bath. She had been surprised by how helpful he had been and when he called up saying the bath was ready she eagerly ran downstairs. However when she got there, she found that there was practically no water in the bath.

'Why is the bath water only an inch deep?' she asked her husband.

'Well,' he replied, 'since it has brought you so much luck lately it would be a shame to get your raffle ticket wet.'

Clapham magistrates sentenced a young couple after they committed an act of gross indency in the High Street. Summing up the JP suggested that they tried to use a bit of common in the future.

'Do you really think I can be a movie star?' cooed the young actress, snuggling closer to the famous producer.

'I certainly do,' he replied, 'You're already starting to make it big.'

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected. Due to the extremely high postal charges we no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final